

O V I D ' s
M E T A M O R P H O S E S ;

TRANSLATED BY

EMINENT PERSONS,

PUBLISHED BY

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Of Bodies chang'd to various forms I sing.

Metam.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Printed for Martin and Bain, Fleet-Street.

Anno 1794.



O V I D's
METAMORPHOSES:

TRANSLATED BY

DRYDEN,

ADDISON,

GARTH,



CONGREVE,

POPE,

GAY,

AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

BOOK.... IX. || BOOK.... XI.

BOOK.... X. || BOOK.... XII.

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Anno 1794.

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STATAMORPHOSIS



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BOOK II. THE HISTORY OF THE

LONDON

Printed for Martin and Lewis, Stationers

1794

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OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.
BOOK IX.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE STORY OF ACHELOÛS AND HER-
CULES.

BY MR. GAY.

THESEUS requests the god to tell his woes,
Whence his maim'd brow, and whence his groans
arose :

When thus the Calydonian stream reply'd,
With twining reeds his careless tresses ty'd,
Ungrateful is the tale ; for who can bear, 5
When conquer'd, to rehearse the shameful war ?
Yet I'll the melancholy story trace ;

So great a conqueror softens the disgrace :
Nor was it still so mean the prize to yield,
As great, and glorious to dispute the field. 10

Perhaps you've heard of Dējanira's name,
For all the country spoke her beauty's fame.
Long was the nymph by num'rous suitors woo'd,
Each with address his envy'd hopes pursu'd :

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I join'd the loving band ; to gain the fair, 15
Reveal'd my passion to her father's ear.

Their vain pretensions all the rest resign,
Alcides only strove to equal mine ;
He boasts his birth from Jove, recounts his spoils,
His step-dame's hate subdu'd, and finish'd toils. 20

Can mortals then (said I) with gods compare ?
Behold a god ; mine is the wat'ry care :
Through your wide realms I take my mazy way,
Branch into streams, and o'er the region stray :
No foreign guest your daughter's charms adores, 25
But one who rises in your native shores.

Let not his punishment your pity move ;
Is Juno's hate an argument for love ?
Though you your life from fair Alcmena drew,
Jove's a feign'd father, or by fraud a true. 30

Choose then ; confess thy mother's honour lost,
Or thy descent from Jove no longer boast.

While thus I spoke, he look'd with stern disdain,
Nor could the sallies of his wrath restrain,
Which thus break forth. This arm decides our right
Vanquish in words, be mine the prize in fight. 36

Bold he rush'd on. My honour to maintain,
I fling my verdant garments on the plain,
My arms stretch forth, my pliant limbs prepare,
And with bent hands expect the furious war. 40
O'er my sleek skin now gather'd dust he throws,
And yellow sand his mighty muscles strows.

Oft he my neck, and nimble legs assails,
He seems to grasp me, but as often fails.
Each part he now invades with eager hand; 45
Safe in my bulk, immoveable I stand.
So when loud storms break high, and foam and roar
Against some mole, that stretches from the shore;
The firm foundation lasting tempests braves,
Defies the warring winds, and driving waves. 50

Awhile we breathe, then forward rush amain,
Renew the combat, and our ground maintain;
Foot strove with foot, I prone extend my breast,
Hands war with hands, and forehead forehead prest.
Thus have I seen two furious bulls engage, 55
Inflam'd with equal love, and equal rage;
Each claims the fairest heifer of the grove,
And conquest only can decide their love:
The trembling herds survey the fight from far,
Till victory decides th' important war. 60
Three times in vain he strove my joints to wrest,
To force my hold, and throw me from his breast;
The fourth he broke my gripe, that clasp'd him round,
Then with new force he stretch'd me on the ground;
Close to my back the mighty burthen clung, 65
As if a mountain o'er my limbs were flung.
Believe my tale; nor do I, boastful, aim
By feign'd narration to extol my fame.
No sooner from his grasp I freedom get,
Unlock my arms, that flow'd with trickling sweat, 70

But quick he seiz'd me, and renew'd the strife,
As my exhausted bosom pants for life :
My neck he gripes, my knee to earth he strains ;
I fall, and bite the sand with shame, and pains.

O'er-match'd in strength, to wiles, and arts I take,
And slip his hold, in form of speckled snake ; 76
Who, when I wreath'd in spires my body round,
Or show'd my forky tongue with hissing sound,
Smiles at my threats ; such fœs my cradle knew,
He cries, dire snakes my infant hand o'erthrew ; 80
A dragon's form might other conquests gain,
To war with me you take that shape in vain.
Art thou proportion'd to the hydra's length,
Who by his wounds receiv'd augmented strength ?
He rais'd a hundred hissing heads in air, 85
When one I lopt, up sprung a dreadful pair.
By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter strong,
Singly I quell'd him, and stretch'd dead along.
What canst thou do, a form precarious, prone,
To rouse my rage with terrors not thy own ? 90
He said ; and round my neck his hands he cast,
And with his straining fingers wrung me fast ;
My throat he tortur'd, close as pincers clasp,
In vain I strove to loose the forceful grasp.

Thus vanquish'd too, a third form still remains, 95
Chang'd to a bull, my lowing fills the plains.
Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
Upon my brindled neck, and tugg'd it down ;

Then deep he struck my horn into the sand,
And fell'd my bulk among the dusty land. 100
Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and scorn,
From my maim'd front he tore the stubborn horn:
This, heap'd with flow'rs and fruits, the Naiads bear,
Sacred to plenty, and the bounteous year.

He spoke; when lo, a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt like Diana's train, with flowing hairs; 106
The horn she brings in which all autumn's stor'd.
And ruddy apples for the second board.

Now morn begins to dawn, the sun's bright fire
Gilds the high mountains and the youths retire; 110
Nor stay'd they, till the troubled stream subsides,
And in it's bounds with peaceful current glides.
But Acheloüs in his oozy bed
Deep hides his brow deform'd, and rustic head :
No real wound the victor's triumph show'd, 115
But his lost honours griev'd the wat'ry god;
Yet ev'n that loss the willow's leaves o'erspread,
And verdant reeds, in garlands, bind his head.

THE DEATH OF NESSUS THE CENTAUR.

This virgin too, thy love, O Nessus found,
To her alone you owe the fatal wound. 120
As the strong son of Jove his bride conveys,
Where his paternal lands their bulwarks raise;
Where from her slopy urn, Evenus pours
Her rapid current, swell'd by wintry show'rs,

He came. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide, 125
And the deep rolling waves all pass deny'd.
As for himself, he stood unmov'd by fears,
For now his bridal charge employ'd his cares,
The strong-limb'd Nessus thus officious cry'd,
(For he the shallows of the stream had try'd) 130
Swim thou, Alcides, all thy strength prepare,
On yonder bank I'll lodge thy nuptial care.

Th' Aonian chief to Nessus trusts his wife,
All pale, and trembling for her hero's life :
Cloth'd as he stood in the fierce lion's hide, 135
The laden quiver o'er his shoulder ty'd,
(For cross the stream his bow and club were cast)
Swift he plung'd in ; these billows shall be past,
He said, nor sought where smoother waters glide,
But stemm'd the rapid dangers of the tide. 140
The bank he reach'd ; again the bow he bears ;
When, hark ! his bride's known voice alarms his ears.
Nessus, to thee I call (aloud he cries)
Vain is thy trust in flight, be timely wise :
Thou monster double shap'd, my right set free ; 145
If thou no rev'rence owe my fame and me,
Yet kindred should thy lawless lust deny ;
Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly,
'Tho' wing'd with horse's speed ; wounds shall pursue ;
Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew : 150
The Centaur's back admits the feather'd wood,
And thro' his breast the barbed weapon stood ;

Which when in anguish, thro' the flesh he tore,
From both the wounds gush'd forth the spumy gore
Mix'd with Lernæan venom; this he took, 155
Nor dire revenge his dying breast forsook.
His garment, in the reeking purple dy'd,
To rouse love's passion, he presents the bride.

THE DEATH OF HERCULES.

Now a long interval of time succeeds,
When the great son of Jove's immortal deeds, 160
And stepdame's hate, had fill'd earth's utmost round;
He from Œchalia, with new laurels crown'd,
In triumph was return'd. He rites prepares,
And to the king of gods directs his pray'rs;
When fame (who falshood cloaths in truth's disguise,
And swells her little bulk with growing lies) 166
Thy tender ear, O Dejanira, mov'd,
That Hercules the fair Iole lov'd. †
Her love believes the tale; the truth she fears
Of his new passion, and gives way to tears. 170
The flowing tears diffus'd her wretched grief.
Why seek I thus, from streaming eyes, relief?
She cries; indulge not thus these fruitless cares,
The harlot will but triumph in thy tears:
Let something be resolv'd, while yet there's time;
My bed not conscious of a rival's crime. 176
In silence shall I mourn, or loud complain?
Shall I seek Calydon, or here remain?

What tho', ally'd to Meleager's fame,
I boast the honours of a sister's name? 180

My wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to pursue
Some desp'rate deed, by which the world shall view
How far revenge, and woman's rage can rise,
When welt'ring in her blood the harlot dies.

Thus various passions rul'd by turns her breast, 185
She now resolves to send the fatal vest.

Dy'd with Lernæan gore, whose pow'r might move
His soul anew, and rouse declining love.

Nor knew she what her sudden rage bestows,
When she to Lychas trusts her future woes; 190

With soft endearments she the boy commands,
To bear the garment to her husband's hands.

Th' unwitting hero takes the gift in haste,
And o'er his shoulders Lerna's poison cast,
As first the fire with frankincense he strows, 195
And utters to the gods his holy vows;

And on the marble altar's polish'd frame
Pours forth the grapy stream; the rising flame
Sudden dissolves the subtle pois'nous juice,
Which taints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.

With wonted fortitude he bore the smart, 201
And not a groan confess'd his burning heart.

At length his patience was subdu'd by pain,
He rends the sacred altar from the plain;

Cete's wide forests echo with his cries: 205
Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries,

Where-e'er he plucks the vest, the skin he tears,
The mangled muscles, and huge bones he bears,
(A ghastful sight !) or raging with his pain,
To rend the sticking plague he tugs in vain. 210

As the red iron hisses in the flood,
So boils the venom in his curdling blood.
Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
And livid sweats down all his body flow ;
The cracking nerves burnt up are burst in twain, 215
The lurking venom melts his swimming brain.

Then lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
Glut thy revenge, dread empress of the skies ;
Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart,
Look down with pleasure, and enjoy my smart. 220
Or, if e'er pity mov'd a hostile breast,
(For here I stand thy enemy profest)

Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
Inur'd to trouble, and to labours born.
Death is the gift most welcome to my woe, 225
And such a gift a stepdame may bestow.

Was it for this Busiris was subdu'd, [blood ?
Whose barb'rous temples reek'd with stranger's
Press'd in these arms his fate Antæus found,
Nor gain'd recruited vigour from the ground. 230
Did I not triple-form'd Geryon fell ?

Or did I fear the triple dog of hell ? [hold ?
Did not these hands the bull's arm'd forehead
Are not our mighty toils in Elis told ?

Do not Stympalian lakes proclaim thy fame? 235
And fair Parthenian woods resound thy name?
Who seiz'd the golden belt of Thermodon?
And who the dragon-guarded apples won? [stand,
Could the fierce Centaur's strength my force with-
Or the fell boar that spoil'd th' Arcadian land? 240
Did not these arms the hydra's rage subdue,
Who from his wounds to double fury grew?
What if the Thracian horses, fat with gore,
Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
I saw, and with their barb'rous lord o'erthrew? 245
What if these hands Nemæa's lion slew?
Did not this neck the heav'nly globe sustain?
The female partner of the thund'rer's reign
Fatigu'd, at length suspends her harsh commands,
Yet no fatigue hath slack'd these valiant hands. 250
But now new plagues pursue me, neither force,
Nor arms, nor darts can stop their raging course.
Devouring flame thro' my rack'd entrails strays,
And on my lungs and shrivell'd muscles preys.
Yet still Eurystheus breathes the vital air. 255
What mortal now shall seek the gods with pray'r?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LYCHAS INTO A ROCK.

The hero said; and with the torture stung,
Furious o'er Cete's lofty hills he sprung.
Stuck with the shaft, thus scours the tyger round,
And seeks the flying author of his wound. 260

Now might you see him trembling, now he vents
His anguish'd soul in groans, and loud laments;
He strives to tear the clinging vest in vain,
And with up-rooted forests strows the plain :
Now kindling into rage, his hands he rears, 265
And to his kindred gods directs his pray'rs.
When Lychas, lo, he spies ; who trembling flew,
And in a hollow rock conceal'd from view,
Had shunn'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his pain,
His madness chaf'd, and thus he raves again. 270

Lychas, to thee alone my fate I owe,
Who bore the gift, the cause of all my woe.
The youth all pale, with shiv'ring fear was stung,
And vain excuses faulter'd on his tongue.
Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant face 275
He strove to clasp his knees, and beg for grace :
He toss'd him o'er his head with airy course,
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force ?
Far o'er th' Eubæan main aloof he flies,
And hardens by degrees amid the skies. 280
So show'ry drops, when chilly tempests blow,
Thicken at first then whiten into snow,
In balls congeal'd the rolling fleeces bound
In solid hail result upon the ground. 384
Thus whirl'd with nervous force thro' distant air,
The purple tide forsook his veins, with fear ;
All moisture left his limbs. Transform'd to stone,
In ancient days the craggy flint was known ;

Still in th' Eubæan waves his front he rears,
 Still the small rock in human form appears, 290
 And still the name of hapless Lychas bears.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF HERCULES.

But now the hero of immortal birth
 Fells Cete's forests on the groaning earth;
 A pile he builds; to Philoctetes' care
 He leaves his deathful instruments of war; 295
 To him commits those arrows, which again
 Shall see the bulwarks of the Trojan reign.
 The son of Pæan lights the lofty pyre,
 High round the structure climbs the greedy fire;
 Plac'd on the top, thy nervous shoulders spread 300
 With the Nemæan spoils, thy careless head
 Rais'd on the knotty club, with look divine,
 Here thou dread hero, of celestial line,
 Wert stretch'd at ease; as when a cheerful guest, 304
 Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flow'rs thy temples
 Now on all sides the potent flames aspire, [drest.
 And crackle round those limbs that mock the fire:
 A sudden terror seiz'd th' immortal host,
 Who thought the world's profess'd defender lost.
 This when the thund'rer saw, with smiles he cries, 310
 'Tis from your fears, ye gods, my pleasures rise;
 Joy swells my breast, that my all-ruling hand
 O'er such a grateful people boasts command,
 'That you my suff'ring progeny would aid;
 Tho' to his deeds this just respect be paid, 315

Me you've oblig'd. Be all your fears forborne,
Th' Ætean fires do thou, great hero, scorn.
Who vanquish'd all things, shall subdue the flame.
That part alone of gross maternal frame,
Fire shall devour ; while what from me he drew 320
Shall live immortal, and its force subdue ;
That, when he's dead, I'll raise to realms above ;
May all the pow'rs the righteous act approve.
If any god dissent, and judge too great
The sacred honours of the heav'nly seat, 325
Ev'n he shall own his deeds deserve the sky,
Ev'n he reluctant, shall at length comply.
Th' assembled pow'rs assent. No frown till now
Had mark'd with passion vengeful Juno's brow.
Meanwhile whate'er was in the pow'r of flame 330
Was all consum'd ; his body's nervous frame
No more was known, of human form bereft,
Th' eternal part of Jove alone was left.
As an old serpent casts his scaly vest,
Wreathes in the sun, in youthful glory drest ; 335
So when Alcides mortal mold resign'd,
His better part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd,
August his visage shone ; Almighty Jove
In his swift car his honour'd offspring drove ;
High o'er the hollow clouds the coursers fly, 340
And lodge the hero in the starry sky.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF GALANTHIS.

Atlas perceiv'd the load of heav'n's new guest.
Revenge still rancour'd in Eurystheus' breast
Against Alcides' race. Alcmena goes
To Iole, to vent maternal woes ; 345
Here she pours forth her grief, recounts the spoils
Her son had bravely reap'd in glorious toils.
This Iole, by Hercules' commands,
Hyllus had lov'd, and join'd in nuptial bands.
Her swelling womb the teeming birth confess'd, 350
To whom Alcmena thus her speech address'd.

O, may the gods protect thee, in that hour,
When, midst thy throes, thou call'st th' Ilithyian
May no delays prolong thy racking pain, [pow'r!
As when I su'd for Juno's aid in vain. 355

When now Alcides' mighty birth drew nigh,
And the tenth sign roll'd forward on the sky,
My womb extends with such a mighty load,
As Jove the parent of the burthen show'd.
I could no more th' encreasing smart sustain, 360
My horror kindles to recount the pain ;
Cold chills my limbs while I the tale pursue,
And now methinks I feel my pangs anew.
Seven days and nights amidst incessant throes,
Fatigu'd with ills I lay, nor knew repose ; 365
When lifting high my hands, in shrieks I pray'd,
Implor'd the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.

She came, but prejudic'd, to give my fate
A sacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.
She hears the groaning anguish of my fits, 370
And on the altar at my door she sits.
O'er her left knee her crossing leg she cast,
Then knits her fingers close, and wrings them fast :
This stay'd the birth ; in mutt'ring verse she pray'd,
The mutt'ring verse th' unfinish'd birth delay'd. 375
Now with fierce struggles, raging with my pain,
At Jove's ingratitude I rave in vain.
How did I wish for death ! such groans I sent,
As might have made the flinty heart relent.

Now the Cadmeian matrons round me press, 380
Offer their vows, and seek to bring redress ;
Among the Theban dames Galanthis stands,
Strong limb'd, red hair'd, and just to my commands :
She first perceiv'd that all these racking woes
From the persisting hate of Juno rose. 385
And here and there she pass'd, by chance she sees
The seated goddess ; on her close press'd knees
Her fast knit hands she leans ; with cheerful voice
Galanthis cries, whoe'er thou art, rejoice,
Congratulate the dame, she lies at rest, 390
At length the gods Alcmena's womb have blest.
Swift from her seat the startled goddess springs,
No more conceal'd, her hands abroad she flings ;
The charm unloos'd, the birth my pangs reliev'd ;
Galanthis' laughter vex'd the pow'r deceiv'd, 395

Fame says, the goddess dragg'd the laughing maid
 Fast by the hair; in vain her force essay'd
 Her grov'ling body from the ground to rear;
 Chang'd to fore-feet her shrinking arms appear:
 Her hairy back her former hue retains, 400
 The form alone is lost; her strength remains;
 Who, since the lye did from her mouth proceed,
 Shall from her pregnant mouth bring forth her breed,
 Nor shall she quit her long frequented home,
 But haunt those houses where she lov'd to roam. 405

THE FABLE OF DRYOPÈ.

BY MR. POPE.

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs;
 When the fair consort of her son replies;
 Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate 410
 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.

No nymph of all Cœchalia could compare
 For beauteous form with Dryopè the fair;
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride,) 415
 This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,
 Whom Delphi, and the Delian isle obey,
 Andræmon lov'd; and blest in all those charms
 That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around, 420
 Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.

Those shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Between her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 425
Not distant far a watry lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie,
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye.
Of these she cropt, to please her infant son, 430
And I myself the same rash act had done,
But, lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look,
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 435
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight, 440
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight;
Yet first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted to the ground: 445
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow,
By slow degrees, and cover all below:

Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 450
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves;
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.

The child Amphisus, to her bosom prest,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 455
And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd,
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.

I saw, unhappy, what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate;
Embrac'd thy boughs, the rising bark delay'd, 460
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold Andræmon, and th' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryopè enquire;
A springing tree for Dryopè they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind: 465
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrac'd, as to the roots they grew,
The face was all that now remain'd of thee;
No more a woman, not yet quite a tree:
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 470
From ev'ry leaf distills a trickling tear;
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains.

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n, 475
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred,
In mutual innocence our lives we led.

If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey. 480
Now from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care ;
Yet to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame,
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name, 486
To hail this tree, and say with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies ;
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 490
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse farewell !
If in your breasts or love, or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 495
The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give. 500
I can no more ; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands ; the bark shall soon suffice,
Without their aid, to seal these dying eyes.
She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be ; 505
And all the nymph was lost within the tree :

Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

CONTINUED BY MR. GAY.

IOLAUS RESTORED TO YOUTH.

While Iolè the fatal change declares,
Alcmena's pitying hand oft wip'd her tears. 510
Grief too stream'd down her cheeks; soon sorrow }
And rising joy the trickling moisture dries, [flies, }
Lo Iolaus stands before their eyes.
A youth he stood; and the soft down began
O'er his smooth chin to spread, and promise man.
Hebe submitted to her husband's pray'rs, 516
Instill'd new vigour, and restor'd his years.

THE PROPHECY OF THEMIS.

Now from her lips a solemn oath had past,
That Iolaus this gift alone should taste, 519
Had not just Themis thus maturely said, [maid.
(Which check'd her vow, and aw'd the blooming
Thebes is embroil'd in war. Capaneus stands
Invincible, but by the thund'rer's hands.
Ambition shall the guilty * brothers fire,
Both rush to mutual wounds, and both expire, 525
The reeling earth shall ope her gloomy womb,
Where the † yet breathing bard shall find his tomb.

* Eteocles and Polinices. † Amphiaraus.

The * son shall bathe his hands in parent's blood,
And in one act be both unjust, and good.
Of home, and sense depriv'd, where-e'er he flies,
The furies, and his mother's ghost he spies. 531
His wife the fatal bracelet shall implore,
And Phegeus stain his sword in kindred gore.
Callirhoe shall then with suppliant pray'r
Prevail on Jupiter's relenting ear. 535
Jove shall with youth her infant sons inspire,
And bid their bosoms glow with manly fire.

THE DEBATE OF THE GODS.

When Themis thus with prescient voice had spoke,
Among the gods a various murmur broke ;
Dissention rose in each immortal breast, 540
That one should grant, what was deny'd the rest.
Aurora for her aged spouse complains,
And Ceres grieves for Jason's freezing veins ;
Vulcan would Erichthonius' years renew,
Her future race the care of Venus drew, 545
She would Anchises' blooming age restore ;
A diff'rent care employ'd each heav'nly pow'r :
Thus various int'rests did their jars increase,
Till Jove arose ; he spoke, their tumults cease.
Is any rev'rence to our presence giv'n, 550
Then why this discord 'mong the pow'rs of heav'n?

* Alcmaeon.

Who can the settled will of fate subdue?
'Twas by the fates that Iolaus knew
A second youth. The fates determin'd doom
Shall give Callirhœe's race a youthful bloom. 555
Arms, nor ambition can this pow'r obtain;
Quell your desires; ev'n me the fates restrain.
Could I their will controul, no rolling years
Had Æacus bent down with silver hairs;
Then Rhadamanthus still had youth possess'd, 560
And Minos with eternal bloom been bless'd.
Jove's words the synod mov'd; the pow'rs give o'er,
And urge in vain unjust complaint no more.
Since Rhadamanthus' veins now slowly flow'd,
And Æacus, and Minos bore the load; 565
Minos, who in the flow'r of youth, and fame,
Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
Infirm with age, the proud Miletus fears,
Vain of his birth, and in the strength of years,
And now regarding all his realms as lost. 570
He durst not force him from his native coast.
But you by choice, Miletus, fled his reign,
And thy swift vessel plough'd th' Ægean main;
On Asiatic shores a town you frame,
Which still is honour'd with the founder's name. 575
Here you Cyanœe knew, the beauteous maid,
As on her * father's winding banks she stray'd:
Caunus and Byblis hence their lineage trace,
The double offspring of your warm embrace.

* Mzander.

THE PASSION OF BYBLIS.

BY STEPHEN HARVEY, ESQ.

Let the sad fate of wretched Byblis prove 580
A dismal warning to unlawful love;
One birth gave being to the hapless pair,
But more was Caunus than a sister's care;
Unknown she lov'd, for yet the gentle fire
Rose not in flames, nor kindled to desire; 585
'Twas thought no sin to wonder at his charms,
Hang on his neck, and languish in his arms;
Thus wing'd with joy, fled the soft hours away,
And all the fatal guilt on harmless nature lay.
But love (too soon from piety declin'd) 590
Insensibly depriv'd her yielding mind.
Dress'd she appears, with nicest art adorn'd,
And ev'ry youth, but her lov'd brother, scorn'd;
For him alone she labour'd to be fair,
And curst all charms that might with her's compare.
'Twas she, and only she, must Caunus please, 596
Sick at her heart, yet knew not her disease:
He call'd him lord, for brother was a name
Too cold, and dull for her aspiring flame;
And when he spoke, if sister, he reply'd, 600
For Byblis change that frozen word, she cry'd.
Yet waking still she watch'd her struggling breast,
And love's approaches were in vain address'd,

Till gentle sleep an easy conquest made,
And in her soft embrace the conqueror was laid. 605
But oh too soon the pleasing vision fled,
And left her blushing on the conscious bed :
Ah me ! (she cry'd) how monstrous do I seem ?
Why these wild thoughts ? and this incestuous dream ?
Envy herself ('tis true) must own his charms, 610
But what is beauty in a sister's arms ?
Oh were I not that despicable she,
How bless'd, how pleas'd, how happy shou'd I be !
But unregarded now must bear my pain,
And, but in dreams, my wishes can obtain. 615

O sea-born goddess ! with thy wanton boy !
Was ever such a charming scene of joy ?
Such perfect bliss ! such ravishing delight !
Ne'er hid before in the kind shades of night.
How pleas'd my heart ! in what sweet raptures tost ?
Ev'n life itself in the soft combat lost, 625
While breathless he on my heav'd bosom lay,
And snatch'd the treasures of my soul away.

If the bare fancy so affects my mind,
How should I rave if to the substance join'd ? 625
Oh, gentle Caunus ! quit thy hated line,
Or let thy parents be no longer mine !
Oh that in common all things were enjoy'd,
But those alone who have our hopes destroy'd.
Were I a princess, thou an humble swain, 630
The proudest kings should rival thee in vain.

It cannot be, alas! the dreadful ill
Is fix'd by fate, and he's my brother still.
Hear me, ye gods! I must have friends in heav'n,
For Jove himself was to a sister giv'n : 635
But what are their prerogatives above,
To the short liberties of human love?
Fantastic thoughts! down, down, forbidden fires,
Or instant death extinguish my desires.
Strict virtue, then, with thy malicious leave, 640
Without a crime I may a kiss receive :
But say should I in spight of laws comply,
Yet cruel Caunus, might himself deny,
No pity take of an afflicted maid, 644
(For love's sweet game must be by couples play'd)
Yet why should youth, and charms like mine despair?
Such fears ne'er startled the Æolian pair;
No ties of blood could their full hopes destroy,
They broke thro' all for the prevailing joy;
And who can tell but Caunus too may be 650
Rack'd and tormented in his breast for me?
Like me to the extremest anguish drove,
Like me, just waking from a dream of love?
But stay! Oh whither would my fury run!
What arguments I urge to be undone! 655
Away fond Byblis, quench these guilty flames;
Caunus thy love but as a brother claims;
Yet had he first been touch'd with love of me,
The charming youth could I despairing see?

Oppress'd with grief, and dying by disdain? 660
Ah no! too sure I should have eas'd his pain!
Since then, if Caunus ask'd me, it were done;
Asking myself, what dangers can I run?
But canst thou ask? and see that right betray'd,
From Pyrrha down to thy whole sex convey'd? 665
That self-denying gift we all enjoy,
Of wishing to be won, yet seeming to be coy.
Well then, for once, let a fond mistress woo,
The force of love no custom can subdue;
This frantic passion he by words shall know, 670
Soft as the melting heart from whence they flow.
The pencil then in her fair hand she held,
By fear discourag'd, but by love compell'd;
She writes, then blots, writes on, and blots again,
Likes it as fit, then razes it as vain: 675
Shame, and assurance, in her face appear,
And a faint hope just yielding to despair;
Sister was wrote, and blotted as a word
Which she, and Caunus too, (she hop'd) abhorr'd;
But now resolv'd to be no more controll'd 680
By scrup'lous virtue, thus her grief she told.

Thy lover (gentle Caunus) wishes thee
That health, which thou alone canst give to me.
O charming youth, the gift I ask bestow,
Ere thou the name of the fond writer know; 685
To thee without a name I would be known,
Since knowing that, my frailty I must own.

Yet why should I my wretched name conceal?
When thousand instances my flames reveal : 689
Wan looks, and weeping eyes have spoke my pain,
And sighs discharg'd from my heav'd heart in vain;
Had I not wish'd my passion might be seen,
What could such fondness and embraces mean?
Such kisses too ! (Oh heedless, lovely boy)
Without a crime no sister could enjoy : 695
Yet (tho' extremest rage has rack'd my soul,
And raging fires in my parch'd bosom roll)
Be witness gods ! how piously I strove,
To rid my thoughts of this enchanting love.
But who could 'scape so fierce, and sure a dart, 700
Aim'd at a tender, and defenceless heart?
Alas ! what maid could suffer I have borne,
Ere the dire secret from my breast was torn ;
To thee a helpless vanquish'd wretch I come,
'Tis you alone can save, or give my doom ; 705
My life, or death, this moment you may chuse,
Yet think, oh think, no hated stranger sues,
No foe ; but one, alas ! too near ally'd,
And wishing still much nearer to be ty'd.
The forms of decency let age debate, 710
And virtue's rules by their cold morals state ;
Their ebbing joys give leisure to enquire,
And blame those noble flights our youth inspire :
Where nature kindly summons let us go, 714
Our sprightly years no bounds in love should know,

Should feel no check of guilt, and fear no ill;
 Lovers, and gods, act all things at their will:
 We gain one blessing from our hated kin,
 Since our paternal freedom hides the sin;
 Uncensur'd in each others arms we lie, 720
 Think then how easy to compleat our joy.
 Oh pardon, and oblige a blushing maid,
 Whose rage the pride of her vain sex betray'd;
 Nor let my tomb thus mournfully complain,
 Here Byblis lies, by her lov'd Caunus slain. 725

Forc'd here to end, she with a falling tear
 Temper'd the pliant wax, which did the signet bear;
 The curious cypher was impress'd by art,
 But love had stamp'd one deeper in her heart;
 Her page, a youth of confidence, and skill, 730
 (Secret as night) stood waiting on her will;
 Sighing, (she cry'd) bear this, thou faithful boy,
 To my sweet partner in eternal joy:
 Here a long pause her secret guilt confess'd,
 And when at length she would have spoke the rest, }
 Halt the dear name lay bury'd in her breast. 736 }

Thus as he listen'd to her vain command,
 Down fell the letter from her trembling hand.
 The omen shock'd her soul: yet go, she cry'd;
 Can a request from Byblis be deny'd? 740

To the Mæandrian youth this message borne,
 The half-read lines by his fierce rage were torn;
 Hence, hence, he cry'd, thou pander to her lust,
 Bear hence the triumph of thy impious trust:

Thy instant death will but divulge her shame, 745
Or thy life's blood should quench the guilty flame.
Frighted, from threat'ning Caunus he withdrew,
And with the dreadful news to his lost mistress flew.
The sad repulse so struck the wounded fair,
Her sense was bury'd in her wild despair; 750
Pale was her visage, as the ghastly dead;
And her scar'd soul from the sweet mansion fled;
Yet with her life renew'd, her love returns,
And faintly thus her cruel fate she mourns:
'Tis just, ye gods! was my false reason blind? 755
'To write a secret of this tender kind?
With female craft I should at first have strove,
By dubious hints to sound his distant love;
And try'd those useful, tho' dissembled, arts,
Which women practise on disdainful hearts: 760
I should have watch'd whence the black storm might
Ere I had trusted the unfaithful skies. [rise,
Now on the rolling billows I am tost, [lost.
And with extended sails, on the blind shelves am
Did not indulgent heav'n my doom foretell, 765
When from my hand the fatal letter fell?
What madness seiz'd my soul? and urg'd me on
To take the only course to be undone?
I could myself have told the moving tale
With such alluring grace as must prevail; 770
Then had his eyes beheld my blushing fears,
My rising sighs, and my descending tears;

Round his dear neck these arms I then had spread,
And, if rejected, at his feet been dead :
If singly these had not his thoughts inclin'd, 775
Yet all united would have shock'd his mind.
Perhaps, my careless page might be in fault,
And in a luckless hour the fatal message brought ;
Business, and wordly thoughts might fill his breast,
Sometimes ev'n love itself may be an irksome guest :
He could not else have treated me with scorn, 781
For Caunus was not of a tygress born ;
Nor steel, nor adamant has fenc'd his heart,
Like mine 'tis naked to the burning dart.

Away false fears ! he must, he shall be mine, 785
In death alone I will my claim resign ;
'Tis vain to wish my written crime unknown,
And for my guilt much vainer to atone.
Repuls'd and baffled, fiercer still she burns,
And Caunus with disdain her impious love returns.
He saw no end of her injurious flame, 791
And fled his country to avoid the shame.
Forsaken Byblis, who had hopes no more,
Burst out in rage, and her loose robes she tore ;
With her fair hands she smote her tender breast, 795
And to the wond'ring world her love confess'd ;
O'er hills and dales, o'er rocks and streams she flew,
But still in vain did her wild lust pursue :
Wearied at length, on the cold earth she fell,
And now in tears alone could her sad story tell. 800

Relenting gods in pity fix'd her there,
And to a fountain turn'd the weeping fair.

THE FABLE OF IPHIS AND IANTHE.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

The fame of this, perhaps, thro' Crete had flown :
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd : For, near the Gnosian bounds, 805
(As loud report the miracle resounds)
At Phœstus dwelt a man of honest blood,
But meanly born, and not so rich as good :
Esteem'd, and lov'd by all the neighbourhood ;
Who to his wife, before the time assign'd 810
For child-birth came, thus bluntly spoke his mind.
If heav'n, said Lygdus, will vouchsafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer ;
Short pains for thee, for me a son and heir.
Girls cost as many throes in bringing forth ; 815
Besides, when born, the tits are little worth ;
Weak puling things, unable to sustain
Their share of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature shalt produce,
Of so great charges, and so little use, 820
(Bear witness, heav'n, with what reluctance)
Her hapless innocence I doom to die.
He said, and tears the common grief display,
Of him who bade, and her who must obey,
Yet Teletheusa still persists, to find 825
Fit arguments to move a father's mind ;

T' extend his wishes to a larger scope,
And in one vessel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard : Her time drew near,
And she her heavy load could scarcely bear ; 830
When slumb'ring, in the latter shades of night,
Before th' approaches of returning light,
She saw, or thought she saw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Isis at their head :
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd, 835
And yellow shelves her shining temples grac'd :
A mitre, for a crown, she wore on high ;
The dog, and dappl'd bull were waiting by ;
Osyris, sought along the banks of Nile ;
The silent god ; the sacred crocodile ; 840
And last, a long procession moving on,
With timbrels, that assist the lab'ring moon.
Her slumbers seem'd dispell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice, that thus distinctly spake.
My votary, thy babe from death defend, 845
Nor fear to save whate'er the gods will send.
Delude with art thy husband's dire decree :
When danger calls, repose thy trust on me :
And know thou hast not serv'd a thankless deity. }
This promise made, with night the goddess fled ; 850
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed ;
Devoutly lifts her spotless hands on high,
And prays the pow'rs their gift to ratify.
Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did disclose. 855

'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With secrecy, to shun the father's sight.
Th' indulgent mother did her care employ,
And past it on her husband for a boy.
The nurse was conscious of the fact alone; 860
The father paid his vows as for a son;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either sex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandsire was; the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by fortune's favour eas'd, 865
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit shew'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceness mingled female grace.

Now thirteen years of age were swiftly run, 870
When the fond father thought the time drew on }
Of settling in the world his only son. }
Ilanthe was his choice; so wond'rous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree, 875
And not more bless'd with fortune's goods than he.

They soon espous'd; for they with ease were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the same, their inclinations too;
And bred together, in one school they grew. 880
Thus, fatally dispos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the same desires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with hope, one languish'd in despair.

The maid accus'd the ling'ring day alone : 885
 For whom she thought a man, she thought her own.
 But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
 As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
 Ev'n her despair adds fuel to her fire;
 A maid with madness does a maid desire. 890
 And, scarce refraining tears, alas, said she,
 What issue of my love remains for me!
 How wild a passion works within my breast,
 With what prodigious flames am I possest!
 Could I the care of providence deserve, 895
 Heav'n must destroy me, if it would preserve.
 And that's my fate, or sure it would have sent
 Some usual evil for my punishment:
 Not this unkindly curse; to rage and burn,
 Where nature shews no prospect of return.
 Nor cows for cows consume with fruitless fire,
 Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares desire:
 The father of the fold supplies his ewes;
 The stag through secret woods his hind pursues;
 And birds for mates the males of their own species }
 chuse. 905 }
 Her female nature guards from female flame,
 And joins two sexes to preserve the game: }
 Would I were nothing, or not what I am! }
 Crete fam'd for monsters, wanted of her store,
 Till my new love produc'd one monster more. 910
 The daughter of the sun a bull desir'd,
 And yet ev'n then a male a female fir'd:

Her passion was extravagantly new,
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent, 915
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes she took a different shape ;
Yet still she gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conspire,
Should Dædalus assist my wild desire, 920
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthé to a boy ?
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid,
And recollect thy reason for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought, 925
And drive these golden wishes from thy thought.
Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain ;
Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.
And yet no guards against our joys conspire ;
No jealous husband hinders our desire : 930
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss.
All things concur to prosper our design ;
All things to prosper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair ; 935
'Tis past the pow'r of heav'n to grant my pray'r.
Heav'n has been kind, as far as heav'n can be ;
Our parents with our own desires agree ;
But nature, stronger than the gods above,
Refuses her assistance to my love ; 940

She sets the bar that causes all my pain;
One gift refus'd, makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is just at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band :
Our hearts, but not our bodies : thus accurs'd, 945
In midst of water I complain of thirst.

Why com'st thou, Juno, to these barren rites,
To bless a bed defrauded of delights?
But why should Hymen lift his torch so high,
To see two brides in cold embraces lye? 950

Thus love-sick Iphis her vain passion mourns;
With equal ardour fair Ianthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's pow'r,
To speed the work, and haste the happy hour.

She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day, 955
And strives to interpose some new delay ;
Now feigns a sickness, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding sight.
But having done whate'er she could devise,
And empty'd all her magazine of lies, 960
The time approach'd ; the next ensuing day
The fatal secret must to light betray.

Then Telethusa had recourse to pray'r,
She, and her daughter with dishevel'd hair ;
Trembling with fear, great Isis they ador'd, 965
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.

Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt smile,
Who sway'st the sceptre of the Pharian isle,
And sev'n-fold falls of disemboguing Nile,

Relieve in this our last distress, she said, 970

A suppliant mother, and a mournful maid.

Thou, goddess, thou wert present to my sight ;

Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair light :

I saw thee in my dream, as now I see,

With all thy marks of awful majesty : 975

The glorious train that compass'd thee around ;

And heard the hollow timbrels holy sound.

Thy words I noted, which I still retain ;

Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.

That Iphis lives, that I myself am free 980

From shame and punishment I owe to thee.

On thy protection all our hopes depend :

Thy counsel sav'd us, let thy pow'r defend.

Her tears pursu'd her words ; and while she spoke

The goddess nodded, and her altar shook : 985

The temple doors, as with a blast of wind,

Were hard to clap ; the lunar horns that bind

The brows of Isis cast a blaze around ;

The trembling timbrel made a murm'ring sound.

Some hopes these happy omens did impart ; 990

Forth went the mother with a beating heart :

Not much in fear, nor fully satisfied ;

But Iphis follow'd with a larger stride :

The whiteness of her skin forsook her face ;

Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace ; 995

Her features, and her strength together grew,

And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.

Her sparkling eyes with manly vigour shone,
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To shoot, and spread, and burnish into man.
The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inscription wear;
Iphis the man, has to the goddess paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.

1000

1005

Now when the star of day had shewn his face,
Venus, and Juno with their presence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Descending to compleat their happy love:
The gods of marriage lend their mutual aid;
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

1010

OVID's
METAMORPHOSES.
BOOK X.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN, MR. CONGREVE, AND
OTHERS.

THE STORY OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

BY MR. CONGREVE.

THENCE, in his saffron robe, for distant Thrace,
Hymen departs, thro' air's unmeasur'd space ;
By Orpheus call'd, the nuptial pow'r attends,
But with ill-omen'd augury descends ;
Nor cheerful look'd the god, nor prosp'rous spoke, 5
Nor blaz'd his torch, but wept in hissing smoke.
In vain they whirl it round, in vain they shake,
No rapid motion can its flames awake.

With dread these inauspicious signs were view'd,
And soon a more disastrous end ensu'd ; 10
For as the bride, amid the Naiad train,
Ran joyful, sporting o'er the flow'ry plain,
A venom'd viper bit her as she pass'd ;
Instant she fell, and sudden breath'd her last.

When long his loss the Thracian had deplor'd, 15
Not by superior pow'rs to be restor'd;
Inflam'd by love, and urg'd by deep despair,
He leaves the realms of light, and upper air;
Daring to tread the dark Tenarian road,
And tempt the shades in their obscure abode; 20
Thro' gliding spectres of th' interr'd to go,
And phantom people of the world below:
Persephonè he seeks, and him who reigns
O'er ghosts, and hell's uncomfortable plains.
Arriv'd, he, tuning to his voice his strings, 25
Thus to the king and queen of shadows sings.

Ye pow'rs, who under earth your realms extend,
To whom all mortals must one day descend:
If here 'tis granted sacred truth to tell;
I come not curious to explore your hell; 30
Nor come to boast (by vain ambition fir'd)
How Cerberus at my approach retir'd.
My wife alone I seek; for her lov'd sake
These terrors I support, this journey take.
She, luckless wand'ring, or by fate misled, 35
Chanc'd on a lurking viper's crest to tread;
The vengeful beast, inflam'd with fury, starts,
And thro' her heel his deathful venom darts.
Thus was she snatch'd untimely to her tomb;
Her growing years cut short, and springing bloom.
Long I my loss endeavour'd to sustain, 41
And strongly strove, but strove, alas, in vain:

At length I yielded, won by mighty love;
Well known is that omnipotence above !
But here, I doubt, his unfehl influence fails ; 45
And yet a hope within my heart prevails,
That here, ev'n here, he has been known of old ;
At least, if truth be by tradition told ;
If fame of former rapes belief may find, 5
You both by love, and love alone were join'd. 50
Now, by the horrors which these realms surround
By the vast chaos of these depths profound ;
By the sad silence which eternal reigns
O'er all the waste of these wide-stretching plains ;
Let me again Eurydice receive, 55
Let fate her quick-spun thread of life re-weave.
All our possessions are but loans from you,
And soon, or late, you must be paid your due ;
Hither we haste to human-kind's last seat,
Your endless empire, and our sure retreat. 60
She too, when ripen'd years she shall attain,
Must, of avoidless right, be yours again :
I but the transient use of that require,
Which soon, too soon, I must resign entire.
But if the destines refuse my vow, 65
And no remission of her doom allow ;
Know, I'm determin'd to return no more ;
So both retain, or both to life restore.

Thus, while the bard melodiously complains,
And to his lyre accords his vocal strains, 70

The very bloodless shades attention keep,
And silent, seem compassionate to weep ;
Ev'n Tantalus his flood unthirsty views,
Nor flies the stream, nor he the stream pursues ;
Ixion's wond'ring wheel its whirl suspends, 75
And the voracious vulture, charm'd, attends ;
No more the Belides their toil bemoan,
And Sisiphus reclin'd, sits list'ning on his stone.

Then first ('tis said) by sacred verse subdu'd,
The furies felt their cheeks with tears bedew'd : 80
Nor could the rigid king, or queen of hell,
Th' impulse of pity in their hearts repel.

Now, from a troop of shades that last arriv'd,
Eurydice was call'd, and stood reviv'd.
Slow she advanc'd, and halting seem'd to feel 85
The fatal wound, yet painful in her heel.
Thus he obtains the suit so much desir'd,
On strict observance of the terms requir'd :
For if, before he reach the realms of air,
He backward cast his eyes to view the fair, 90
The forfeit grant, that instant, void is made,
And she forever left a lifeless shade.

Now thro' the noiseless throng their way they bend,
And both with pain the rugged road ascend ;
Dark was the path, and difficult, and steep, 95
And thick with vapours from the smoky deep.
They well-nigh now had pass'd the bounds of night,
And just approach'd the margin of the light,

When he, mistrusting lest her steps might stray,
And gladsome of the glimpse of dawning day, 100
His longing eyes, impatient, backward cast
To catch a lover's look, but look'd his last ;
For, instant dying, she again descends,
While he to empty air his arms extends.
Again she dy'd, nor yet her lord reprov'd ; 105
What could she say, but that too well he lov'd ?
One last farewell she spoke, which scarce he heard ;
So soon she dropp'd, so sudden disappear'd.

All stunn'd he stood, when thus his wife he view'd
By second fate, and double death subdu'd : 110
Not more amazement by that wretch was shown,
Whom Cerberus beholding, turn'd to stone ;
Nor Olenus could more astonish'd look,
When on himself Lethæa's fault he took,
His beauteous wife, who too secure had dar'd 115
Her face to vie with goddesses compar'd :
Once join'd by love, they stand united still,
Turn'd to contiguous rocks on Ida's hill.

Now to repass the Styx in vain he tries,
Charon averse, his pressing suit denies. 120
Sev'n days entire, along th' infernal shores,
Disconsolate, the bard Eurydice deplores ;
Defil'd with filth his robe, with tears his cheeks,
No sustenance but grief, and cares he seeks :
Of rigid fate incessant he complains, 125
And hell's inexorable gods arraigns.

This ended, to high Rhodopè he hastes,
And Hæmus' mountain, bleak with northern blasts.

And now his yearly race the circling sun
Had thrice compleat thro' wat'ry Pisces run, 130
Since Orpheus fled the face of womankind,
And all soft union with the sex declin'd.
Whether his ill success this change had bred,
Or binding vows made to his former bed ;
Whate'er the cause, in vain the nymphs contest, 135
With rival eyes to warm his frozen breast :
For ev'ry nymph with love his lays inspir'd,
But ev'ry nymph repuls'd, with grief retir'd.

A hill there was, and on that hill a mead,
With verdure thick, but destitute of shade. 140
Where, now, the muses' son no sooner sings,
No sooner strikes his sweet resounding strings,
But distant groves the flying sounds receive,
And list'ning trees their rooted stations leave ;
Themselves transplanting, all around they grow, 145
And various shades their various kinds bestow.
Here, tall Chaöonian oaks their branches spread,
While weeping poplars there erect their head.
The foodful Esculus here shoots his leaves,
That turf soft lime-tree, this, fat beach receives ; 150
Here, brittle hazels, laurels here advance,
And there tough ash to form the hero's lance ;
Here silver firs with knotless trunks ascend,
There, scarlet oaks beneath their acorns bend.

That spot admits the hospitable plain, 155
On this, the maple grows with clouded grain ;
Here wat'ry willows are with lotus seen,
There, tamarisk, and box forever green.
With double hue here myrtles grace the ground,
And laurestines, with purple berries crown'd. 160
With pliant feet, now, ivies this way wind,
Vines yonder rise, and elms with vines entwin'd.
Wild Ormus now, the pitch-tree next takes root,
And arbutus adorn'd with blushing fruit.
Then easy bending palms, the victor's prize, 165
And pines erect with bristly tops arise.
To Rhea grateful still the pine remains,
For Atys still some favour she retains ;
He once in human shape her breast had warm'd,
And now is cherish'd to a tree transform'd. 170

THE FABLE OF CYPARISSUS.

Amid the throng of this promiscuous wood,
With pointed top, the taper cypress stood;
A tree, which once a youth, and heav'nly fair,
Was of that deity the darling care, 174
Whose hand adapts, with equal skill, the strings
To bows with which he kills, and harps to which he
For heretofore, a mighty stag was bred, [sings.
Which on the fertile fields of Cæa fed ;
In shape, and size he all his kind excell'd,
And to Carthæan nymphs was sacred held. 180

His beamy head, with branches high display'd,
Afforded to itself an ample shade ;
His horns were gilt, and his smooth neck was grac'd
With silver collars thick with gems enchas'd :
A silver boss upon his forehead hung, 185
And brazen pendants in his ear-rings rung.
Frequenting houses, he familiar grew,
And learnt by custom, nature to subdue ;
Till by degrees, of fear, and wildness, broke, 189
Ev'n stranger hands his proffer'd neck might stroke.

Much was the beast by Cæa's youth caress'd,
But thou, sweet Cyparissus, lov'd him best :
By thee, to pastures fresh, he oft was led,
By thee oft water'd at the fountain's head :
His horns with garlands, now, by thee were ty'd, 195
And, now, thou on his back would'st wanton ride ;
Now here, now there wou'dst bound along the plains,
Ruling his tender mouth with purple reins.

'Twas when the summer sun at noon of day,
Thro' glowing Cancer, shot his burning ray, 200
'Twas then, the fav'rite stag in cool retreat,
Had sought a shelter from the scorching heat ;
Along the grass his weary limbs he laid,
Inhaling freshness from the breezy shade :
When Cyparissus with his pointed dart, 205
Unknowing, pierc'd him to the panting heart.
But when the youth, surpriz'd, his error found,
And saw him dying of the cruel wound,

Himself he would have slain thro' desp'rate grief;
What said not Phœbus, that might yield relief! 210
To cease his mourning, he the boy desir'd,
Or mourn no more than such a loss requir'd.
But he, incessant griev'd : at length address'd
To the superior pow'rs a last request;
Praying, in expiation of his crime, 215
Thenceforth to mourn to all succeeding time.

And now, of blood exhausted he appears,
Drain'd by a torrent of continual tears;
The fleshy colour in his body fades,
And a green tincture all his limbs invades; 220
From his fair head, where curling locks late hung,
A horrid bush with bristled branches sprung,
Which stiff'ning by degrees, its stem extends,
Till to the starry skies the spire ascends.

Apollo sad look'd on, and sighing, cry'd, 225
Then, be forever, what thy pray'r imply'd;
Bemoan'd by me, in others grief excite;
And still preside at ev'ry fun'ral rite.

CONTINUED BY MR. CROXALL.

Thus the sweet artist in a wondrous shade
Of verdant trees, which harmony had made, 230
Encircled sat, with his own triumphs crown'd,
Of listning birds, and savages around.
Again the trembling strings he dext'rous tries,
Again from discord makes soft music rise.

Then tunes his voice : O muse, from whom I sprung,
Jove be my theme, and thou inspire my song. 236
To Jove my grateful voice I oft have rais'd,
Oft his almighty pow'r with pleasure prais'd.
I sung the giants in a solemn strain,
Blasted, and thunder-struck on Phlegra's plain. 240
Now be my lyre in softer accents mov'd,
To sing of blooming boys by gods belov'd ;
And to relate what virgins, void of shame,
Have suffer'd vengeance for a lawless flame.

The king of gods once felt the burning joy, 245
And sigh'd for lovely Ganymede of Troy :
Long was he puzzled to assume a shape
Most fit, and expeditious for the rape ;
A bird's was proper, yet he scorns to wear
Any but that which might his thunder bear. 250
Down with his masquerading wings he flies,
And bears the little Trojan to the skies ;
Where now, in robes of heav'nly purple drest,
He serves the nectar at th' Almighty's feast,
To slighted Juno an unwelcome guest. 255 }

HYACINTHUS TRANSFORMED INTO A FLOWER.

BY MR. OZELL.

Phœbus for thee too, Hyacinth, design'd
A place among the gods, had fate been kind :
Yet this he gave ; as oft as wintry rains
Are past, and vernal breezes sooth the plains,

From the green turf a purple flow'r you rise, 260
And with your fragrant breath perfume the skies.

You when alive were Phœbus' darling boy ;
In you he plac'd his heav'n, and fix'd his joy :
Their God the Delphic priests consult in vain ;
Eurotas now he loves, and Sparta's plain : 265
His hands the use of bow, and harp forget,
And hold the dogs, or bear the corded net ;
O'er hanging cliffs swift he pursues the game ;
Each hour his pleasure, each augments his flame.

The mid-day sun now shone with equal light 270
Between the past, and the succeeding night ;
They strip, then, smooth'd with suppling oil, essay
To pitch the rounded quoit, their wonted play :
A well-pois'd disk first hasty Phœbus threw,
It cleft the air, and whistled as it flew ; 275
It reach'd the mark, a most surprizing length ;
Which spoke an equal share of art, and strength.
Scarce was it fall'n, when with too eager hand
Young Hyacinth ran to snatch it from the sand ;
But the curst orb, which met the stony soil, 280
Flew in his face with violent recoil.

Both faint, both pale, and breathless now appear,
The boy with pain, the am'rous god with fear.
He ran, and rais'd him bleeding from the ground,
Chafes his cold limbs, and wipes the fatal wound : 285
Then herbs of noblest juice in vain applies ;
The wound is mortal, and his skill desies.

As in a water'd garden's blooming walk,
 When some rude hand has bruis'd its tender stalk,
 A fading lilly droops its languid head, 290
 And bends to earth, it's life, and beauty fled :
 So Hyacinth, with head reclin'd, decays,
 And, sickning, now no more his charms displays.

O thou art gone, my boy, Apollo cry'd,
 Defrauded of thy youth in all its pride ! 295
 Thou, once my Joy, art all my sorrow now ;
 And to my guilty hand my grief I owe,
 Yet from myself I might the fault remove,
 Unless to sport, and play, a fault should prove, }
 Unless it too were call'd a fault to love. 300 }
 Oh could I for thee, or but with thee, die !
 But cruel fates to me the pow'r deny.

Yet on my tongue thou shalt forever dwell ;
 Thy name my lyre shall sound, my verse shall tell ;
 And to a flow'r transform'd, unheard of yet, 305
 Stamp'd on thy leaves my cries thou shalt repeat.
 The time shall come, prophetic I foreknow,
 When join'd to thee, a mighty * chief shall grow, }
 And with my plaints his name thy leaf shall show. }

While Phœbus thus the laws of fate reveal'd, 310
 Behold, the blood which stain'd the verdant field,
 Is blood no longer ; but a flow'r full blown
 Far brighter than the Tyrian scarlet shone.
 A lilly's form it took ; it's purple hue
 Was all that made a diff'rence to the view. 315

* Ajax.

Nor stopp'd he here; the god upon its leaves
The sad expression of his sorrow weaves;
And to this hour the mournful purple wears
Ai, Ai, inscrib'd in funeral characters.
Nor are the Spartans, who so much are fam'd 320
For virtue, of their hyacinth asham'd;
But still with pompous woe, and solemn state,
The Hyacinthian feasts they yearly celebrate.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE CE-
RASTÆ, AND PROPÆTIDES.

Enquire of Amanthus, whose wealthy ground
With veins of every metal does abound, 325
If she to her Propetides would show,
The honour Sparta does to him allow?
No more, she'd say, such wretches would we grace,
Than those whose crooked horns deform'd their
face, }
From thence Cerastæ call'd; an impious race : 330 }
Before whose gates a rev'rend altar stood,
To Jove inscrib'd, the hospitable god :
This had some stranger seen with gore besmear'd, }
The blood of lambs, and bulls it had appear'd : }
Their slaughter'd guests it was; not flock nor herd. }
Venus these barb'rous sacrifices view'd 336
With just abhorrence, and with wrath pursu'd :

At first, to punish such nefarious crimes,
Their towns she meant to leave, her once-lov'd climes.
But why, said she, for their offence should I 340
My dear delightful plains, and cities fly?
No, let the impious people, who have sinn'd,
A punishment in death, or exile find :
If death, or exile too severe be thought,
Let them in some vile shape bemoan their fault. 345
While next her mind a proper form employs,
Admonish'd by their horns, she fix'd her choice.
Their former crest remains upon their heads,
And their strong limbs an ox's shape invades.

The blasphemous Propætides deny'd 350
Worship of Venus, and her power defy'd :
But soon that pow'r they felt, the first that sold,
Their lewd embraces to the world for gold.
Unknowing how to blush, and shameless grown,
A small transition changes them to stone. 355

THE STORY OF PYGMALION, AND THE STATUE.

BY MR DRYDEN.

Pygmalion loathing their lascivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but most a wife
So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a consort of his bed.

Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill, 360
In sculpture exercis'd his happy skill;
And carv'd in iv'ry such a maid, so fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work; but in her own defence,
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence. 365
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and last, the thing ador'd, desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And had she mov'd, a living maid had been: 369
One would have thought she could have stirr'd, but
With modesty, and was asham'd to move. [stroke,
Art hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit:
He knows, 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more:
The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft, 376
Which feels so smooth that he believes it soft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he strain'd the breast,
And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breast resists the gripe, 380
And the cold lips return a kiss unripe:
But when, retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it iv'ry, was a thought too mean:
So would believe she kiss'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er; 385
And straining hard the statue, was afraid,
His hands had made a dint and hurt his maid:

Explor'd her limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind :
With flatt'ry now he seeks her mind to move, 390
And now with gifts, (the pow'rful bribes of love :)
He furnishes her closet first ; and fills
The crowded shelves with rarities of shells ;
Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
And all the sparkling stones of various hue : 395
And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And singing-birds in silver cages hung ;
And ev'ry fragrant flow'r, and od'rous green
Were sorted well, with lumps of amber laid between :
Rich fashionable robes her person deck, 400
Pendants her ears, and pearls adorn her neck :
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone surrounds her slender waist.
Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd, 404
Beauteous she shew'd, but naked shew'd the best :
Then, from the floor, he rais'd a royal bed,
With cov'rings of Sidonian purple spread :
The solemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
With blandishments invites her to his side :
And as she were with vital sense possess'd, 410
Her head did on a plummy pillow rest.

The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay ;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the sacred altars, bled : 415

Pygmalion off'ring first, approach'd the shrine,
And then with pray'rs implor'd the pow'rs divine ;
Almighty gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require be yours to grant ; 419
Make this fair statue mine, he would have said,
But chang'd his words for shame ; and only pray'd }
Give me the likeness of my iv'ry maid.

The golden goddess, present at the pray'r,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,
And gave the sign of granting his desire ; 425
For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the fire.
The youth, returning to his mistress, hies, }
And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.
He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss, 430
And looks, and thinks they redden at the kiss ;
He thought them warm before : nor longer stays,
But next his hand on her hard bosom lays,
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seem'd, the breast beneath his fingers bent ;
He felt again, his fingers made a print, 436
'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the dint :
The pleasing task he fails not to renew ;
Soft, and more soft at ev'ry touch it grew ;
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce, 440
The former mass to form, and frame for use,
He would believe, but yet is still in pain, }
And tries his argument of sense again, }
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein.

Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his study'd thanks and praise,
To her, who made the miracle, he pays: 446
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the savour of the kiss sincere:
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes, 449
And view'd at once the light, and lover with fur-
The goddess present at the match she made, [prise.
So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,
That ere ten months had sharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd. 456

THE STORY OF CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

Nor him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who, like his sire, had been
A happy prince, had he not been a sire.
Daughters and fathers, from my song retire; 460
I sing of horror; and, could I prevail,
You should not hear, or not believe my tale.
Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive listen to the last event, 465
And with the sin believe the punishment:
Since nature could behold so dire a crime,
I gratulate at least my native clime,
That such a land, which such a monster bore,
So far is distant from our Thracian shore. 470

Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon, and sweet Amomum boast,
Her fragrant flow'rs, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years; [bears? }
How can the land be call'd so bless'd that Myrrha }
Nor all her od'rous tears can cleanse her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime : 477
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Disowns thy love, and vindicates his dart :
Some fury gave thee those infernal pains, 484
And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy sire had merited a curse ;
But such an impious love deserv'd a worse.
The neighb'ring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed : 485
The world is at thy choice ; except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not chuse, alone.
She knew it too, the miserable maid, }
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd, }
And thus within her secret soul she said : 490 }
Ah, Myrrha ! whither would thy wishes tend ?
Ye gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend
From such a crime as all mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human breast !
But is it sin ? or makes my mind alone 495
Th' imagin'd sin ? for nature makes it none.
What tyrant then these envious laws began,
Made not for any other beast, but man !

The father-bull his daughter may bestride,
The horse may make his mother-mare a bride ; 500
What piety forbids the lusty ram,
Or more salacious goat, to rut their dam ?
The hen is free to wed the chick she bore,
And make a husband, whom she hatch'd before ;
All creatures else are of a happier kind, 505
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleasure bind,
Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace of mind. }
But man a slave of his own making lives ;
The fool denies himself what nature gives :
Too busy senates, with an over-care 510
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,
And straining up too high, have spoil'd the cause.
Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains, 515
And own no laws, but those which love ordains ;
Where happy daughters with their sires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
O that I had been born in such a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime !
But whither would my impious fancy stray ? 520
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts away ?
His worth deserves to kindle my desires,
But with the love that daughters bear to sires.
Then had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen !
But the perverseness of my fate is such, 525
That he's not mine, because he's mine too much :

Our kindred-blood debars a better tie;
He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
Eyes and their objects never must unite, 530
Some distance is requir'd to help the sight:
Fain would I travel to some foreign shore,
Never to see my native country more, }
So might I to myself myself restore;
So might my mind these impious thoughts remove,
And ceasing to behold, might cease to love. 536
But stay I must, to feed my famish'd sight,
To talk, to kiss, and more, if more I might:
More, impious maid! What more canst thou de- }
To make a monstrous mixture in thy line, [sign,
And break all statutes, human and divine? 541
Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound so many sacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! sister to thy son!
And fear'st thou not to see th' infernal bands, 546
Their heads with snakes, with torches arm'd their
Full at thy face th' avenging brands to bear, [hands;
And shake the serpents from their hissing hair?
But thou in time th' increasing ill controul,
Nor first debauch the body by the soul; 551
Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the sanctions nature has design'd.
Suppose I should attempt, th' attempt were vain,
No thoughts like mine, his sinless soul profane;

Observant of the right ; and O that he 556
Could cure my madness, or be mad like me !
Thus she : But Cinyras, who daily sees
A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
Among so many, knew not whom to chuse,
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse. 561
But having told their names, enquir'd of her
Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would prefer.
The blushing maid stood silent with surprise,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking sigh'd, and as she sigh'd, began 566
Round tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
The tender sire, who saw her blush, and cry,
Ascrib'd it all to maiden modesty,
And dry'd the falling drops, and yet more kind,
He strok'd her cheeks, and holy kisses join'd. 571
She felt a secret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleasure, than a daughter should ;
And ask'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the best, she answer'd, One like you.
Mistaking what she meant, her pious will 575
He prais'd, and bid her so continue still :
The word of pious heard, she blush'd with shame
Of secret guilt, and could not bear the name.
'Twas now the mid of night, when slumbers close
Our eyes, and sooth our cares with soft repose ; 581
But no repose could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind :

Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin,
And wishes all her wishes o'er again : 585
Now she despairs, and now resolves to try ;
Would not, and would again, she knows not why ;
Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the vow ;
Fain would begin, but understands not how.
As when a pine is hew'd upon the plains, 590
And the last mortal stroke alone remains,
Lab'ring in pangs of death, and threat'ning all,
This way and that she nods, consid'ring where to fall :
6 So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side,
Takes ev'ry bent, but cannot long abide ; 595
Irresolute on which she should rely,
At last, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die.
On that sad thought she rests, resolv'd on death,
71 She rises, and prepares to choke her breath :
Then while about the beam her zone she ties, 600
1; Dear Cinyras farewell, she softly cries ;
For thee I die, and only wish to be
Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee :
575 Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause :
This said, about her neck the noose she draws. 605
he The nurse, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not the words, the murmurs over-heard,
lose And sighs and hollow sounds : Surpris'd with fright,
581 She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs a light ;
Unlocks the door, and ent'ring out of breath, 610
The dying saw, and instruments of death ;

She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling haste,
And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd :
Next (for she now had leisure for her tears)
She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming years,
What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her care, 616
To loath her life, and languish in despair ?
The maid, with downcast eyes, and mute with grief,
For death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd relief,
Stood sullen to her suit : The beldame press'd 620
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breast,
Adjur'd her by the kindly food she drew
From those dry founts, her secret ill to shew.
Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside :
The nurse still urg'd, and would not be deny'd :
Nor only promis'd secrecy, but pray'd 626
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
Good-will, she said, my want of strength supplies,
And diligence shall give what age denies :
If strong desires thy mind to fury move, 630
With charms and med'cines I can cure thy love :
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
More pow'rful verse shall free thee from the blast :
If heav'n offended sends thee this disease,
Offended heav'n with pray'rs we can appease. 635
What then remains, that can these cares procure ?
Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure :
Thy careful mother yet in health survives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.

The virgin started at her father's name, 640
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame :
Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd,
But yet surmis'd that love disturb'd her mind :
Thus thinking she pursu'd her point, and laid,
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid ; 645
Then softly sooth'd her thus ; I guess your grief :
You love, my child ; your love shall find relief.
My long experienc'd age shall be your guide ;
Rely on that and lay distrust aside :
No breath of air shall on the secret blow, 650
Nor shall (what most you fear) your father know.
Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And threw her body prostrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her blushes hid her head ; 655
There silent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go : but she receiv'd not the command ;
Remaining still importunate to know :
Then Myrrha thus ; or ask no more, or go ;
I prithee go, or staying spare my shame ; 660
What thou would'st hear, is impious ev'n to name.
At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
And trembling both with age, and terror stands ;
Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats, [threats,
Sooths her with blandishments, and frights with
To tell the crime intended, or disclose 666
What part of it she knew, if she no farther knows.

And last, if conscious to her counsel made,
 Confirms anew the promise of her aid. 669
 Now Myrrha rais'd her head ; but soon oppress'd
 With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's breast ;
 Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have confess'd :
 Twice she began, and stopp'd, again she try'd ;
 The falt'ring tongue its office still deny'd.
 At last her vail before her face she spread, 675
 And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
 O happy mother, in thy marriage-bed ! [shook,
 Then groan'd and ceas'd. The good old woman
 Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look :
 Her hoary hair upright with horror stood 680
 Made (to her grief) more knowing than she would.
 Much she reproach'd, and many things she said,
 To cure the madness of th' unhappy maid,
 In vain : for Myrrha stood convict of ill ;
 Her reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her will : 685
 Perverse of mind, unable to reply ;
 She stood resolv'd, or to possess or die.
 At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
 Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd :
 Enjoy my child, since such is thy desire, 690
 Thy love, she said ; she durst not say, thy sire :
 Live, though unhappy, live on any terms ;
 Then with a second oath her faith confirms.
 The solemn feast of Ceres now was near, 694
 When long white linen stoles the matrons wear ;

Rank'd in procession walk the pious train,
Off'ring first-fruits, and spikes of yellow grain :
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they shun,
And sanctifying harvest, lie alone.

Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forsook her lord,
And Ceres' pow'r with secret rites ador'd : 701

The royal couch, now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The first occasion took : the king she found
Easy with wine, and deep in pleasures drown'd, 705
Prepar'd for love : The beldame blew the flame,
Confess'd the passion, but conceal'd the name.

Her form she prais'd ; the monarch ask'd her years ;
And she reply'd, the same thy Myrrha bears.

Wine, and commended beauty fir'd his thought ;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought. 711

Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, she hies her home,
And gratulates the nymph, the task was overcome.

Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear ;
But clogg'd with guilt, the joy was unsincere : 715

So various, so discordant is the mind,
That in our will a diff'rent will we find.

Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her lust ;

For guilty pleasures give a double gust.

'Twas depth of night : Arctophylax had driv'n
His lazy wain half round the northern heav'n, 721

When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime desir'd :

The moon beheld her first, and first retir'd ;

The stars amaz'd ran backward from the sight,
And (shrunk within their sockets) lost their light.

Icarus first withdraws his holy flame : 726

The virgin sign, in heaven the second name,
Slides down the belt, and from her station flies,
And night with sable clouds involves the skies.

Bold Myrrha still pursues her black intent ; 730

She stumbled thrice, (an omen of th' event ;)

Thrice shriek'd the fun'ral owl, yet on she went,
Secure of shame, because secure of sight ;

Ev'n bashful sins are impudent by night.

Link'd hand in hand, th' accomplice, and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came : 736

The door was ope : they blindly grope their way,
Where dark in bed th' expecting monarch lay.

Thus far her courage held, but here forsakes ;

Her faint knees knock at ev'ry step she makes. 740

The nearer to her crime, the more within

She feels remorse, and horror of her sin :

Repents too late her criminal desire,

And wishes, that unknown she could retire.

Her ling'ring thus, the nurse (who fear'd delay 745

The fatal secret might at length betray)

Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,

And said to Cinyras, receive thy own.

Thus saying, she deliver'd kind to kind,

Accurs'd, and their devoting bodies join'd. 750

The sire, unknowing of the crime, admits

His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd sheets ;

He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove
With maiden modesty against her love, [move. }
And sought with flatt'ring words vain fancies to re- }
Perhaps, he said, my daughter, cease thy fears, 756
(Because the title suited with her years;)
And father, she might whisper him again,
That names might not be wanting to the sin.

Full of her sire, she left th' incestuous bed, 760
And carried in her womb the crime she bred.

Another, and another night she came ;
For frequent sin had left no sense of shame :

Till Cinyras desir'd to see her face,
Whose body he had held in close embrace, 765

And brought a taper ; the revealer, light,
Expos'd both crime, and criminal to sight.

Grief, rage, amazement, could no speech afford,
But from the sheath he drew th' avenging sword :

The guilty fled : the benefit of night, 770
That favour'd first the sin, secur'd the flight.

Long wand'ring thro' the spacious fields, she bent
Her voyage to th' Arabian continent ;

Then pass'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
And flying, left the palmy plains behind. 775

Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns ; at length
With travel weary, unsupplied with strength,

And with the burden of her womb oppress'd,
Sabæan fields afford her needful rest :

There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid, 780
In anguish of her spirit, thus she pray'd.

Ye pow'rs if any so propitious are
T' accept my penitence, and hear my pray'r;
Your judgments I confess are justly sent;
Great sins deserve as great a punishment: 785
Yet since my life the living will profane,
And since my death the happy dead will stain,
A middle state your mercy may bestow,
Betwixt the realms above, and those below;
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give, 790
Not let her wholly die, nor wholly live.

The prayers of penitents are never vain;
At least she did her last request obtain:
For while she spoke, the ground began to rise
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs;
Her toes in roots descend, and spreading wide, 795
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind
Her tender skin is harden'd into rind. 800
And now the rising tree her womb invests.
Now, shooting upwards still, invades her breasts,
And shades the neck; when weary with delay,
She sunk her head within, and met it half the way
And tho' with outward shape she lost her sense, 805
With bitter tears she wept her last offence;
And still she weeps nor sheds her tears in vain;
For still the precious drops her name retain.

Mean time the mis-begotten infant grows, 810

And ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes

The swelling rind, with unavailing strife,

To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.

The mother tree, as if oppress'd with pain,

Writhes here, and there, to break the bark, in vain ;

And like a labouring woman would have pray'd,

But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid : 817

The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,

And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.

The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood [wood ;

Beside the struggling boughs and heard the groaning

Then reach'd her midwife-hand to speed the throes,

And spoke the pow'rful spells, that babes to birth

The bark divides, the living load to free, [disclose.

And safe delivers the convulsive tree. 825

The ready nymphs receive the crying child,

And wash him in the tears the parent plant distill'd.

They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him spread

The ground with herbs ; with roses rais'd his head.

The lovely babe was born with ev'ry grace, 830

Ev'n envy must have prais'd so fair a face :

Such was his form, as painters when they shew

Their utmost art on naked loves bestow :

And that their arms no diff'rence might betray,

Give him a bow or his from Cupid take away.

Time glides along with undiscover'd haste, 836

The future but a length behind the past ;

So swift are years. The babe, whom just before
His grandsire got, and whom his sister bore ;
The drop, the thing, which late the tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd ; 841
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears,
And lovelier than himself at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires. 845

THE STORY OF VENUS AND ADONIS.

BY MR. EUSDEN.

Fair Cytheræa's lips while Cupid prest,
He with a heedless arrow raz'd her breast.
The goddess felt it, and with fury stung,
The wanton mischief from her bosom flung :
Yet thought at first the danger slight, but found
The dart too faithful, and too deep the wound. 851
Fir'd with a mortal beauty, she disdains
To haunt th' Idalian mount, or Phrygian plains.
She seeks not Cnidos, nor her Paphian shrines,
Nor Amathus, that teems with brazen mines : 855
Ev'n heav'n itself, with all its sweets unsought,
Adonis far a sweeter heav'n is thought.
On him she hangs, and fonds with every art,
And never, never knows from him to part.
She, whose soft limbs had only been display'd 860
On rosy beds beneath the myrtle shade,

Whose pleasing care was to improve each grace,
And add more charms to an unrivall'd face,
Now buskin'd, like the virgin huntress, goes [snows,
Thro' woods, and pathless wilds, and mountain
With her own tuneful voice she joys to cheer 866
The panting hounds, that chace the flying deer.
She runs the labyrinth of fearful hares,
But fearless beasts and dang'rous prey forbears :
Hunts not the grinning wolf, or foamy boar, 870
And trembles at the lion's hungry roar.
'Thee too, Adonis, with a lover's care
She warns, if warn'd thou wouldst avoid the snare.
To furious animals advance not nigh,
Fly those that follow, follow those that fly ; 875
'Tis chance alone must the survivors save,
Whene'er brave spirits will attempt the brave.
O! lovely youth! in harmless sports delight ;
Provoke not beasts, which, arm'd by nature, fight.
For me, if not thyself, vouchsafe to fear ; 880
Let not thy thirst of glory cost me dear.
Boars know not how to spare a blooming age ;
No sparkling eyes can sooth the lion's rage.
Not all thy charms a savage breast can move, 884
Which have so deeply touch'd the queen of love.
When bristled boars from beaten thickets spring,
In grinded tusks a thunderbolt they bring.
The daring hunters lions rous'd devour,
Vast is their fury, and as vast their pow'r : 889

Curst be their tawny race! If thou would'st hear
What kindled thus my hate; then lend an ear:
The wondrous tale I will to thee unfold,
How the fell monsters rose from crimes of old.
But by long toils I faint: See! wide display'd, 895
A grateful poplar courts us with a shade.
The grassy turf, beneath, so verdant shows,
We may secure delightfully repose.
With her Adonis here be Venus bless'd;
And swift at once the grass and him she press'd.
Then sweetly smiling, with a raptur'd mind, 900
On his lov'd bosom she her head reclin'd,
And thus began; but mindful still of bliss,
Seal'd the soft accents with a softer kiss.

Perhaps thou may'st have heard a virgin's name,
Who still in swiftness swiftest youths o'ercame. 905
Wondrous! that female weakness should outdo
A manly strength; the wonder yet is true.
'Twas doubtful, if her triumphs in the field
Did to her form's triumphant glories yield!
Whether her face could with more ease decoy 910
A crowd of lovers, or her feet destroy.
For once Apollo she implor'd to show
If courteous fates a consort would allow:
A consort brings thy ruin, he reply'd;
O! learn to want the pleasures of a bride! 915
Nor shalt thou want them to thy wretched cost,
And Atalanta living shall be lost.

With such a rueful fate th' affrighted maid
 Sought green recesses in the wood-land glade.
 Not sighing suitors her resolves could move, 920
 She bade them show their speed, to show their love.
 He only, who could conquer in the race,
 Might hope the conquer'd virgin to embrace;
 While he, whose tardy feet had lagg'd behind,
 Was doom'd the sad reward of death to find. 925
 Though great the prize, yet rigid the decree,
 But blind with beauty, who can rigour see?
 Ev'n on these laws the fair they rashly sought,
 And danger in excess of love forgot.

There sat Hippomenes, prepar'd to blame 930
 In lovers such extravagance of flame,
 And must, he said, the blessing of a wife
 Be dearly purchas'd by a risk of life?
 But when he saw the wonders of her face,
 And her limbs naked, springing to the race, 935
 Her limbs, as exquisitely turn'd as mine,
 Or if a woman thou, might vie with thine,
 With lifted hands, he cry'd, forgive the tongue
 Which durst, ye youths, your well-tim'd courage
 wrong.

I knew not, that the nymph for whom you strove,
 Deserv'd th' unbounded transports of your love. 941
 He saw, admir'd, and thus her spotless frame
 He prais'd, and praising, kindled his own flame.

A rival now to all the youths, who run,
Envious, he fears, they should not be undone. 945
But why (reflects he) idly thus is shown
The fate of others, yet untry'd my own?
The coward must not on love's aid depend;
The god was ever to the bold a friend.
Mean time the virgin flies, or seems to fly, 950
Swift as a Scythian arrow cleaves the sky:
Still more and more the youth her charms admires,
The race itself t' exalt her charms conspires.
The golden pinions, which her feet adorn,
In wanton flutt'rings by the winds are borne. 955
Down from her head, the long fair tresses flow,
And sport with lovely negligence below.
The waving ribbands, which her buskins tie,
Her snowy skin with waving purple dye;
As crimson veils, in palaces display'd, 960
To the white marble lend a blushing shade.
Nor long he gaz'd, yet while he gaz'd, she gain'd
The goal, and the victorious wreath obtain'd.
The vanquish'd sigh, and as the law decreed,
Pay the dire forfeit, and prepare to bleed. 965

Then rose Hippomenes, not yet afraid,
And fix'd his eyes full on the beauteous maid.
Where is (he cry'd) the mighty conquest won,
To distance those, who want the nerves to run?
Here prove superior strength, nor shall it be 970
Thy loss of glory, if excell'd by me.

High my descent, near Neptune I aspire,
For Neptune was grand-parent to my sire.
From that great god the fourth myself I trace,
Nor sink my virtues yet beneath my race, 975
Thou from Hippomenes, o'ercome, may'st claim
An envy'd triumph, and a deathless fame.
While thus the youth the virgin's pow'r defies,
Silent she views him still with softer eyes,
Thoughts in her breast a doubtful strife begin, 980
If 'tis not happier now to loose than win.
What god, a foe to beauty would destroy
The promis'd ripeness of this blooming boy?
With his life's danger does he seek my bed?
Scarce am I half so greatly worth, she said. 985
Nor has his beauty mov'd my breast to love,
And yet I own, such beauty well might move:
'Tis not his charms, 'tis pity would engage
My soul to spare the greenness of his age.
What, that heroic courage fires his breast, 990
And shines thro' brave disdain of fate confest?
What, that his patronage by close degrees,
Springs from th' imperial ruler of the seas?
Then add the love, which bids him undertake
The race, and dare to perish for my sake, 995
Of bloody nuptials, heedless youth, beware!
Fly, timely fly from a too barb'rous fair.
At pleasure choose; thy love will be repaid,
By a less foolish, and more beauteous maid,

But why this tenderness, before unknown? 1000
Why beats, and pants my breast for him alone?
His eyes have seen his num'rous rivals yield,
Let him too share the rigour of the field
Since by their fates untaught, his own he courts,
And thus with ruin insolently sports. 1005
Yet for what crime shall he his death receive?
Is it a crime with me to wish to live?
Shall this kind passion his destruction prove?
Is this the fatal recompence of love;
So fair a youth, destroy'd would conquest shame,
And nymphs eternally detest my fame. 1011
Still why should nymphs my guiltless fame upbraid?
Did I the fond adventurer persuade?
Alas! I wish thou would'st the course decline,
Or that my swiftiness was excell'd by thine. 1015
See! what a virgin's bloom adorns the boy!
Why wilt thou run, and why thyself destroy?
Hippomenes! O that I ne'er had been
By those bright eyes unfortunately seen!
Ah! tempt not thus a swift, untimely fate; 1020
Thy life is worthy of the longest date.
Were I less wretched, did the galling chain
Of rigid gods not my free choice restrain,
By thee alone I could with Joy be led
To taste the raptures of a nuptial bed. 1025
Thus she disclos'd the woman's secret heart,
Young, innocent, and new to Cupid's dart.

Her thoughts, her words, her actions, wildly rove,
With love she burns, yet knows not that 'tis love.

Her royal sire now with the murm'ring crowd
Demands the race impatiently aloud. 1031

Hippomenes then with true fervour pray'd,
My bold attempt let Venus kindly aid.

By her sweet pow'r I felt this am'rous fire,
Still may she succour, whom she did inspire. 1035

A soft, unenvious wind, with speedy care,
Wasted to heav'n the lover's tender pray'r.

Pity, I own, soon gain'd the wish'd consent,
And all th' assistance he implor'd I lent.

The Cyprian lands, tho' rich in richness yield,
To that, surnam'd the Tamasenian field. 1041

That field of old was added to my shrine,
And its choice products consecrated mine.

A tree there stands, full glorious to behold,
Gold are the leaves, the crackling branches gold.

It chanc'd, three apples in my hand I bore, 1046
Which newly from the tree I sportive tore;

Seen by the youth alone, to him I brought,
The fruit, and when, and how to use it, taught.

The signal sounding by the king's command, 1050
Both start at once, and sweep th' unprinted sand.

So swiftly move their feet, they might with ease,
Scarce moisten'd skim along the glassy seas;

Or with a wondrous levity be borne
O'er yellow harvests of unbending corn. 1055

Now fav'ring peals resound from ev'ry part,
Spirit the youth and fire his fainting heart.

Hippomenes! (they cry'd) thy life preserve, -
Intensely labour, and stretch ev'ry nerve.

Base fear alone can baffle thy design, 1060

Shoot boldly onward, and the goal is thine.

'Tis doubtful whether shouts, like these, convey'd
More pleasures to the youth, or to the maid.

When a long distance oft she could have gain'd,
She check'd her swiftness, and her feet restrain'd:
She sigh'd, and dwelt, and languish'd on his face,
Then with unwilling speed pursu'd the race. 1067

O'er-spent with heat, his breath he faintly drew
Parch'd was his mouth, nor yet the goal in view,
And the first apple on the plain he threw. 1070

The nymph stopp'd sudden at th' unusual sight,
Struck with the fruit so beautifully bright.

Aside she starts, the wonder to behold,
And eager stoops to catch the rolling gold.

Th' observant youth pass'd by, and scour'd along,
While peals of joy rung from th' applauding throng.
Unkindly she corrects the short delay, 1077

And to redeem the time fleets swift away,
Swift as the lightning, or the northern wind,
And far she leaves the panting youth behind. 1080
Again he strives the flying nymph to hold
With the temptation of the second gold:

Book X. OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The bright temptation fruitlessly was toss'd,
So soon, alas ! she won the distance lost.
Now but a little interval of space 1085
Remain'd for the decision of the race.
Fair author of the precious gift, he said,
Be thou, O goddess, author of my aid !
Then of the shining fruit the last he drew,
And with his full-collected vigour threw : 1090
The virgin still the longer to detain,
Threw not directly, but across the plain.
She seem'd a while perplex'd in dubious thought,
If the far-distant apple should be sought :
I lur'd her backward mind to seize the bait, 1095
And to the massy gold gave double weight.
My favour to my votary was show'd,
Her speed I lessen'd, and increas'd her load.
But lest, tho' long, the rapid race be run,
Before my longer, tedious tale is done, 1100 }
The youth the goal, and so the virgin won.
Might I, Adonis, now not hope to see
His grateful thanks pour'd out for victory ?
His pious incense on my altars laid ?
But he nor grateful thanks, nor incense paid. 1105
Enrag'd I vow'd, that with the youth the fair,
For his contempt should my keen vengeance share ;
That future lovers might my pow'r revere,
And from their sad examples learn to fear.

The silent fanes, the sanctify'd abodes
Of Cybelé, great mother of the gods,
Rais'd by Echion in a lonely wood,
And full of brown, religious horror stood.
By a long painful journey faint, they chose
Their weary limbs here secret to repose. 1110
But soon my pow'r inflam'd the lustful boy,
Careless of rest he sought untimely joy.
A hallow'd, gloomy cave with moss o'er-grown,
The temple join'd of native pumice-stone.
Where antique images by priests were kept, 1120
And wooden deities securely slept,
Thither the rash Hippomenes retires,
And gives a loose to all his wild desires,
And the chaste cell pollutes with wanton fires. }
The sacred statues trembled with surprize, 1125
The tow'ry goddess, blushing, veil'd her eyes;
And the lewd pair to Stygian sounds had sent,
But unrevengeful seem'd that punishment.
A heavier doom such black prophaneness draws,
Their taper fingers turn to crooked paws. 1130
No more their necks the smoothness can retain,
Now cover'd sudden with a yellow mane.
Arms change to legs; each finds the hard'ning breast
Of rage unknown, and wond'rous strength possess.
Their alter'd looks with fury grim appear, 1135
And on the ground their brushing tails they bear;

They haunt the woods : their voices which before
Were musically sweet, now hoarsely roar.

Hence lions, dreadful to the lab'ring swains,
Are tam'd by Cybelé, and curb'd with reins,
And humbly draw her car along the plains. 1141

But thou, Adonis, my delightful care,
Of these, and beasts, as fierce as these, beware !
The savage, which not shuns thee, timely shun,
For by rash prowess shouldst thou be undone,
A double ruin is contain'd in one. 1146

Thus cautious Venus school'd her fav'rite boy,
But youthful heat all cautions will destroy.
His sprightly soul beyond grave counsels flies,
While with yok'd swans the goddess cuts the skies.
His faithful hounds, led by the tainted wind, 1151
Lodg'd in thick coverts chanc'd a boar to find.

The callow hero show'd a manly heart,
And pierc'd the savage with a side-long dart.
The flying savage, wounded, turn'd again, 1155
Wrench'd out the gory dart, and foam'd with pain.

The trembling boy by flight his safety sought,
And now recall'd the lore, which Venus taught :
But now too late to fly the boar he strove,
Who in the groin his tusks impetuous drove, 1160
On the discolour'd grass Adonis lay,
The monster trampling o'er his beauteous prey.

Fair Cytherëa, Cyprus scarce in view,
Heard from afar his groans, and own'd them true, }
And turn'd her snowy swans, and backward flew. }
But as she saw him gasp his latest breath, 1165
And quiv'ring agonize in pangs of death,
Down with swift flight she plung'd, nor rage forbore,
At once her garments, and her hair she tore.
With cruel blows she beat her guiltless breast, 1170
The fates upbraided, and her love confest.
Nor shall they yet (she cry'd) the whole devour
With uncontrol'd inexorable pow'r :
For thee, lost youth, my tears and restless pain
Shall in immortal monuments remain. 1175
With solemn pomp in annual rites return'd,
Be thou for ever, my Adonis, mourn'd.
Could Pluto's queen with jealous fury storm,
And Menthe to a fragrant herb transform ?
Yet dares not Venus with a change surprise, 1180
And in a flow'r bid her fall'n hero rise :
Then on the blood sweet nectar she bestows,
The scented blood in little bubbles rose :
Little as rainy drops, which flutt'ring fly,
Borne by the winds, along a low'ring sky. 1185
Short time ensu'd till where the blood was shed,
A flower began to rear its purple head :
Such, as on punic apples is reveal'd,
Or in the filmy rind but half conceal'd.

Still here the fate of lovely forms we see, 1190

So sudden fades the sweet Anemonie.

The feeble stems, to stormy blasts a prey,

Their sickly beauties droop and pine away.

The winds forbid the flow'rs to flourish long, 1194

Which owe to winds their names in Grecian song.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XI.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE DEATH OF ORPHEUS.

BY MR. CROXALL.

HERE while the Thracian bard's enchanting strain
Sooths beasts, and woods, and all the list'ning plain,
The female Bacchanals, devoutly mad,
In shaggy skins, like savage creatures clad,
Warbling in air perceiv'd his lovely lay, 5
And from a rising ground beheld him play.
When one, the wildest, with dishevell'd hair,
That loosely stream'd, and ruffled in the air;
Soon as her frantic eye the lyrist spy'd,
See, see! the hater of our sex she cry'd. 10
Then at his face her missive javelin sent,
Which whizz'd along, and brush'd him as it went;

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I

But the soft wreaths of ivy twisted round,
Prevent a deep impression of the wound.
Another, for a weapon, hurls a stone, 15
Which, by the sound subdu'd as soon as thrown,
Falls at his feet, and with a seeming sense
Implores his pardon for its late offence.

But now their frantic rage unbounded grows,
Turns all to madness, and no measure knows : 20
Yet this the charms of music might subdue,
But that, with all its charms, is conquer'd too ;
In louder strains their hideous yellings rise,
And squeaking horn-pipes echo through the skies,
Which, in hoarse consort with the drum, confound
The moving lyre, and ev'ry gentle sound : 25
Then 'twas the deafen'd stones flew on with speed,
And saw, unsooth'd, their tuneful poet bleed.
The birds, the beasts, and all the savage crew
Which the sweet lyrist to attention drew, 30
Now, by the female mob's more furious rage,
Are driv'n, and forc'd to quit the shady stage.
Next their fierce hands the bard himself assail,
Nor can his song against their wrath prevail :
They flock, like birds ; when, in a clust'ring flight,
By day they chase the boding fowl of night. 35
So, crowded amphitheatres survey
The stag to greedy dogs a future prey,
Their steely jav'lines which soft curls entwine
Of budding tendrils from the leafy vine, 40

For sacred rites of mild religion made,
Are flung promiscuous at the poet's head.
Those clods of earth, or flints discharge, and these
Hurl prickly branches sliver'd from the trees.
And, lest their passion should be unsupply'd, 45
The rabble crew, by chance, at distance spy'd
Where oxen straining at the heavy yoke,
The fallow'd field with slow advances broke;
Nigh which the brawny peasants dug the soil,
Procuring food with long laborious toil. 50
These, when they saw the ranting throng draw near,
Quitted their tools, and fled possess'd with fear.
Long spades and rakes of mighty size were found,
Carelessly left upon the broken ground:
With these the furious lunatics engage. 55
And first the labouring oxen feel their rage;
Then to the poet they return with speed
Whose fate was, past prevention, now decreed:
In vain he lifts his suppliant hands, in vain
He tries, before, his never failing strain. 60
And, from those sacred lips, whose thrilling sound
Fierce tigers and insensate rocks could wound,
Ah gods! how moving was the mournful sight;
To see the fleeting soul now take its flight.
Thee the soft warblers of the feather'd kind 65
Bewail'd; for thee thy savage audience pin'd:

Those rocks and woods that oft thy strain had led,
Mourn for their charmer, and lament him dead,
And drooping trees their leafy glories shed. }
Naiads and Dryads with dishevell'd hair 70
Promiscuous weep, and scarfs of sable wear ;
Nor could the river-gods conceal their moan,
But with new floods of tears augment their own.
His mangled limbs lay scatter'd all around,
His head, and harp a better fortune found ; 75
In Hebrus' streams they gently roll'd along,
And sooth'd the waters with a mournful song.
Soft deadly notes the lifeless tongue inspire,
A doleful tune sounds from the floating lyre ;
The hollow banks in solemn consort mourn, 80
And the sad strain in echoing groans return.
Now with the current to the sea they glide,
Borne by the billows of the briny tide ;
And driv'n where waves round rocky Lesbos roar,
They strand and lodge upon Methymna's shore. 85
But here, when landed on the foreign soil,
A venom'd snake the product of the isle
Attempts the head, and sacred locks embrau'd
With clotted gore, and still fresh-dropping blood.
Phœbus, at last, his kind protection gives, 90
And from the fact the greedy monster drives :
Whose marbled jaws his impious crime atone,
Still grinning ghastly, tho' transform'd to stone.

His ghost flies downward to the stygian shore,
And knows the places it had seen before : 95
Among the shadows of the pious train
He finds Euridicè, and loves again ;
With pleasure views the beauteous phantom's charms
And clasps her in his unsubstantial arms.
There side by side they unmolested walk, 100
Or pass their blisful hours in pleasing talk ;
Aft or before the bard securely goes,
And, without danger, can review his spouse.

THE THRACIAN WOMEN TRANSFORMED
TO TREES.

Bacchus, resolving to revenge the wrong
Of Orpheus murder'd, on the madding throng, 105
Decreed that each accomplice-dame should stand
Fix'd by the roots along the conscious land.
Their wicked feet that late so nimbly ran
To wreak their malice on the guiltless man,
Sudden with twisted ligatures were bound, 110
Like trees, deep planted in the turfy ground.
And as the fowler with his subtile gins,
His feather'd captives by the feet entwines,
That flutt'ring pant, and struggle to get loose,
Yet only closer draw the fatal noose ; 115

So these were caught; and, as they strove in vain
To quit the place, they but increas'd their pain.
They flounce and toil, yet find themselves controul'd,
The root, tho' pliant, toughly keeps its hold.
In vain their toes, and feet they look to find, 120
For ev'n their shapely legs are cloth'd with rind.
One smites her thighs with a lamenting stroke,
And finds the flesh transform'd to solid oak;
Another with surprize, and grief distress,
Lays on above but beats a wooden breast. 125
A rugged bark their softer neck invades,
Their branching arms shot up delightful shades;
At once they seem, and are a real grove,
With mossy trunks below, and verdant leaves above.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

Nor this suffic'd; the god's disgust remains, 130
And he resolves to quit their hated plains;
The vineyards of Tymole ingross his care,
And, with a better choir, he fixes there;
Where the smooth streams of clear Pactolus roll'd,
Then undistinguish'd for its sands of gold. 135
The satyrs with the nymphs, his usual throng,
Come to salute their god, and jovial dance along.
Silenus only miss'd; for while he reel'd,
Feeble with age and wine, about the field,

The hoary drunkard had forgot his way, 140
And to the Phrygian clowns became a prey ;
Who to king Midas drag the captive god,
While on his totty pate the wreaths of ivy nod.

Midas from Orpheus had been taught his lore,
And knew the rites of Bacchus long before. 145
He, when he saw his venerable guest,
In honour of the god ordain'd a feast.

Ten days in course, with each continu'd night,
Were spent in genial mirth, and brisk delight ;
Then on th' eleventh, when with brighter ray 150
Phosphor had chas'd the fading stars away,
The king thro' Lydia's fields young Bacchus sought,
And to the god his foster father brought.

Pleas'd with the welcome sight, he bids him soon
But name his wish, and swears to grant the boon.
A glorious offer ! yet but ill bestow'd 156
On him whose choice so little judgment show'd.
Give me, says he, (nor thought he ask'd too much)
That with my body wheresoe'er I touch,
Chang'd from the nature which it held of old,
May be converted into yellow gold. 160

He had his wish ; but yet the god repin'd,
To think the fool no better wish could find.

But the brave king departed from the place,
With smiles of gladness sparkling in his face ; 165
Nor could contain, but, as he took his way,
Impatient longs to make the first essay.

Down from a lowly branch a twig he drew,
The twig straight glitter'd with a golden hue :
He takes a stone, the stone was turn'd to gold ;
A clod he touches, and the crumbling mould 171
Acknowledg'd soon the great transforming pow'r,
In weight and substance like a mass of ore.
He pluck'd the corn, and straight his grasp appears
Fill'd with a bending tuft of golden ears. 175
An apple next he takes, and seems to hold
The bright Hesperian vegetable gold.
His hand he careless on a pillar lays,
With shining gold the fluted pillars blaze :
And while he washes, as the servants pour, 180
His touch converts the stream to Danae's show'r.

To see these miracles so finely wrought,
Fires with transporting joy his giddy thought.
The ready slaves prepare a sumptuous board,
Spread with rich dainties for their happy lord ; 185
Whose pow'rful hands the bread no sooner hold,
But its whole substance is transform'd to gold :
Up to his mouth he lifts the sav'ry meat,
Which turns to gold as he attempts to eat :
His patron's noble juice, of purple hue, 190
Touch'd by his lips a gilded cordial grew ;
Unfit for drink, and wond'rous to behold,
It trickles from his jaws a fluid gold.

The rich poor fool, confounded with surprise,
Starving in all his various plenty lies ; 195

Sick of his wish, he now detests the pow'r,
For which he ask'd so earnestly before;
Amidst his gold with pinching famine curst,
And justly tortur'd with an equal thirst.
At last his shining arms to heav'n he rears, 200
And, in distress, for refuge flies to pray'rs.
O father Bacchus, I have sinn'd, he cry'd,
And foolishly thy gracious gift apply'd;
Thy pity now, repenting, I implore;
Oh! may I feel the golden plague no more. 205
The hungry wretch, his folly thus confess'd,
Touch'd the kind deity's good-natur'd breast;
The gentle god annull'd his first decree,
And from the cruel compact set him free.
But then, to cleanse him quite from farther harm,
And to dilute the relics of the charm, 211
He bids him seek the stream that cuts the land
Nigh where the tow'rs of Lydian Sardis stand;
Then trace the river to the fountain-head,
And meet it rising from it's rocky bed; 215
There, as the bubbling tide pours forth amain,
To plunge his body in, and wash away the stain.
The king instructed, to the fount retires,
But with the golden charm the stream inspires:
For while this quality the man forsakes, 220
An equal pow'r the limpid water takes;
Informs with veins of gold the neighb'ring land,
And glides along a bed of golden sand.

Now loathing wealth, th' occasion of his woes,
Far in the woods he sought a calm repose ; 225
In caves and grottos, where the nymphs resort.
And keep with mountain Pan their sylvan court.
Ah! had he left his stupid soul behind!
But his condition alter'd not his mind.

For where high Tmolus rears his shady brow,
And from his cliffs surveys the seas below, 230
In his descent, by Sardis bounded here,
By the small confines of Hypæpa there,
Pan to the nymphs his frolic ditties play'd,
Tuning his reeds beneath the checquer'd shade. 235
The nymphs are pleas'd, the boasting sylvan plays,
And speaks with slight of great Apollo's lays.
Tmolus was arbiter, the boaster still
Accepts the trial with unequal skill.
The venerable judge was seated high 240
On his own hill, that seem'd to touch the sky.
Above the whisp'ring trees his head he rears,
From their encumb'ring boughs to free his ears ;
A wreath of oak alone his temples bound,
The pendant acorns loosely dangled round. 245
In me your judge, says he, there's no delay :
Then bids the goatherd god begin, and play.
Pan tun'd the pipe, and with his rural song
Pleas'd the low taste of all the vulgar throng ;
Such songs a vulgar judgment mostly please, 250
Midas was there, and Midas judg'd with these.

The mountain sire, with grave deportment, now
To Phæbus turns his venerable brow;
And, as he turns, with him the list'ning wood
In the same posture of attention stood. 255

The god his own Parnassian laurel crown'd,
And in a wreath his golden tresses bound,
Graceful his purple mantle swept the ground:
High on the left his iv'ry lute he rais'd,
The lute, emboss'd with glitt'ring jewels, blaz'd.
In his right hand he nicely held the quill, 261
His easy posture spoke a master's skill.

The strings he touch'd with more than human art,
Which pleas'd the judge's ear, and sooth'd his heart;
Who soon judiciously the palm decreed, 265
And to the lute postpon'd the squeaking reed.

All, with applause, the rightful sentence heard,
Midas alone dissatisfy'd appear'd;
To him unjustly giv'n the judgment seems,
For Pan's barbaric notes he most esteems. 270

The lyric god, who thought his untun'd ear
Deserv'd but ill a human form to wear,
Of that deprives him, and supplies the place
With some more fit, and of an ampler space:
Fix'd on his noddle an unseemly pair, 275
Flagging, and large, and full of whitish hair;
Without a total change from what he was,
Still in the man preserve the simple ass.

He, to conceal the scandal of the deed,
A purple turban folds about his head ; 280
Veils the reproach from public view, and fears
The laughing world would spy his monstrous ears.
One trusty barber-slave, that us'd to dress
His master's hair, when lengthen'd to excess,
The mighty secret knew, but knew alone, 285
And, tho' impatient, durst not make it known.
Restless, at last, a private place he found,
Then dug a hole, and told it to the ground ;
In a low whisper he reveal'd the case, 289
And cover'd in the earth, and silent left the place.

In time, of trembling reeds a plenteous crop
From the confided furrow sprouted up :
Which, high advancing with the rip'ning year,
Made known the tiller, and his fruitless care :
For then the rustling blades, and whisp'ring wind,
To tell th' important secret, both combin'd. 296

THE BUILDING OF TROY.

Phœbus, with full revenge, from Tmolus flies,
Darts through the air, and cleaves the liquid skies ;
Near Hellespont he lights, and treads the plains
Where great Laomedon sole monarch reigns ; 300
Where, built between the two projecting strands,
To Panomphæan Jove an altar stands.

Here first aspiring thoughts the king employ,
To found the lofty tow'rs of future Troy.
The work, from schemes magnificent begun. 305

At vast expence was slowly carried on :
Which Phœbus seeing, with the trident god,
Who rules the swelling surges with his nod,
Assuming each a mortal shape, combine
At a set price to finish his design. 310

The work was built; the king their price denies,
And his injustice backs with perjuries.
This Neptune could not brook, but drove the main,
A mighty deluge o'er the Phrygian plain :
'Twas all a sea, the waters of the deep 315

From ev'ry vale the copious harvest sweep;
The briny billows overflow the soil,
Ravage the fields, and mock the ploughman's toil.

Nor this appeas'd the god's revengeful mind,
For still a greater plague remains behind; 320

A huge sea monster lodges on the sands,
And the king's daughter for his prey demands.

To him that sav'd the damsel was decreed,

A set of horses of the sun's fine breed :

But when Alcides from the rock unty'd 325

The trembling fair, the ransom was deny'd.

He, in revenge, the new built walls attack'd

And the twice perjur'd city bravely sack'd.

Telemon aided, and in justice shar'd,

Part of the plunder as his due reward ; 330

The princess, rescu'd late, with all her charms
Hesionè was yielded to his arms ;
For Peleus, with a goddess-bride was more
Proud of his spouse, than of his birth before :
Grandsons to Jove there might be more than one,
But he the goddess had enjoy'd alone. 336

THE STORY OF THETIS, AND PELEUS, &c.

For Proteus thus to virgin Thetis said, }
Fair goddess of the waves, consent to wed, }
And take some sprightly lover to your bed. }
A son you'll have, the terror of the field, 340
To whom in fame and pow'r his sire shall yield.

Jove, who ador'd the nymph with boundless love,
Did from his breast the dang'rous flame remove.
He knew the fates, not car'd to raise up one,
Whose fame and greatness should eclipse his own.
On happy Peleus he bestow'd her charms 346
And bless'd his grandson in the goddess' arms :

A silent creek Thessalia's coast can show ;
Two arms project, and shape it like a bow ;
'Twould make a bay, but the transparent tide 350
Does scarce the yellow-gravel bottom hide ;
For the quick eye may thro' the liquid wave
A firm unweedy level beach perceive.
A grove of fragrant myrtle near it grows,
Whose boughs tho' thick a beauteous grot dis e;

The well-wrought fabric, to discerning eyes, 356
Rather by art than nature seems to rise.
A bridled dolphin oft fair Thetis bore
To this her lov'd retreat, her fav'rite shore,
Here Peleus seiz'd her, slumbring while she lay
And urg'd his suit with all that love could say: 362
But when he found her obstinately coy,
Resolv'd to force her, and command the joy;
The nymph, o'erpower'd, to art for succour flies,
And various shapes the eager youth surprize: 365
A bird she seems, but plies her wings in vain,
Mis hands the fleeting substance still detain:
A branchy tree high in the air she grew;
About its bark his nimble arms he threw:
A tyger next she glares with flaming eyes;
The frighten'd lover quits his hold, and flies: 371
The sea-gods he with sacred rites adores,
Then a libation on the ocean pours;
While the fat entrails crackle in the fire,
And sheets of smoke in sweet perfume aspire;
Till Proteus rising from his oozy bed, 376
Thus to the poor desponding lover said:
No more in anxious thoughts your mind employ,
For yet you shall possess the dear expected joy.
You must once more th' unwary nymph surprize,
As in her coolly grot she slumbring lies; 381
Then bind her fast with unrelenting hands,
And strain her tender limbs with knotted bands.

Still hold her under ev'ry different shape,
Till tir'd she tries no longer to escape. 385

Thus he : Then sunk beneath the glassy flood,
And broken accents flutter'd, where he stood.

Bright Sol had almost now his journey done,
And down the steepy western convex run;
When the fair Nereid left the briny wave 390
And, as she us'd, retreated to her cave.

He scarce had bound her fast, when she arose,
And into various shapes her body throws :
She went to move her arms, and found 'em ty'd ;
Then with a sigh, some god assists, she cry'd, }
And in her proper shape stood blushing by his side. }
About her waist his longing arms he flung, 397
From which embrace the great Achilles sprung.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DÆDALION.

Peleus unmix'd felicity enjoy'd ;
(Blest in a valiant son, and virtuous bride) 400
Till fortune did in blood his hands imbrue,
And his own brother by curst chance he slew :
Then driven from Thessaly, his native clime,
Trachinia first gave shelter to his crime ;
Where peaceful Ceyx mildly fill'd the throne, 405
And like his sire, the morning planet shone ;
But now unlike himself bedew'd with tears,
Mourning a brother lost, his brow appears.

First to the town with travel spent, and care,
Peleus, and his small company repair : 410

His herds, and flocks, the while at leisure feed,
On the rich pasture of a neighb'ring mead .
The prince before the royal presence brought,
Shew'd by the suppliant olive what he sought ;
Then tells his name, and race, and country right,
But hides th' unhappy reason of his flight. 416

He begs the king some little town to give,
Where they may save his faithful vassals live.
Ceyx reply'd : to all my bounty flows,
A hospitable realm your suit has chose. 420

Your glorious race, and far resounding fame,
And grandsire Jove, peculiar favours claim.
All you can wish, I grant ; entreaties spare ;
My kingdom (would 'twere worth the sharing) share.

Tears stopp'd his speech: astonish'd Peleus pleads
To know the cause from whence his grief proceeds,
The prince reply'd there's none of ye but deems
This hawk was ever such as now it seems :

Know 'twas a hero once, Dædalion nam'd,
For warlike deeds, and haughty valour fam'd ; 430
Like me to that bright luminary born,

Who wakes Aurora, and brings on the morn.
His fierceness still remains, and love of blood,
Now dread of birds, and tyrant of the wood.

My make was softer, peace my greatest care; 435
But this my brother wholly bent on war

Late nations fear'd, and routed armies fled
That force, which now the tim'rous pigeons dread.
A daughter he possess'd divinely fair,
And scarcely yet had seen her fifteenth year, 440
Young Chione : A thousand rivals strove,
To win the maid, and teach her how to love.
Phœbus, and Mercury by chance one day
From Delphi, and Cyllene pass'd this way ;
Together they the virgin saw : desire 445
At once warm'd both their breasts with am'rous fire.
Phœbus resolv'd to wait till close of day ;
But Mercury's hot love brook'd no delay ;
With his entrancing rod the maid he charms,
And unresisted revels in her arms. 450
'Twas night, and Phœbus in a beldame's dress,
To the late rifled beauty got access.
Her time compleat nine circling moons had run :
To either god she bore a lovely son :
To Mercury Autolycus she brought, 455
Who turn'd to thefts and tricks his subtile thought ;
Posses'd he was of all his father's slight,
At will made white look black, and black look white.
Philammon born to Phœbus, like his sire 459 }
The muses lov'd, and finely struck the lyre, }
And made his voice, and touch in harmony conspire. }
In vain, fond maid, you boast this double birth,
The love of gods, and royal father's worth,

And Jove among your ancestors rehearse! 464

Could blessings such as these e'er prove a curse ?

To her they did, who with audacious pride,

Vain of her own, Diana's charms decry'd.

Her taunts the goddess with resentment fill ;

My face you like not, you shall try my skill. 469

She said ; and straight her vengeful bow she strung

And sent a shaft that pierc'd her guilty tongue :

The bleeding tongue in vain it's accents tries ;

In the red stream her soul reluctant flies.

With sorrow wild I ran to her relief,

And try'd to moderate my brother's grief, 475

He, deaf as rocks by stormy surges beat,

Loudly laments and hears me not intreat.

When on the fun'ral pile he saw her laid.

Thrice he to rush into the flames essay'd,

Thrice with officious care by us was stay'd. 480

Now, mad with grief, away he fled amain,

Like a stung heifer that resents the pain,

And bellowing wildly bounds along the plain.

O'er the most rugged ways so fast he ran,

He seem'd a bird already, not a man : 485

He left us breathless all behind ; and now

In quest of death had gain'd Parnassus' brow :

But when from thence headlong himself he threw,

He fell not, but with airy pinious flew.

Phæbus in pity chang'd him to a fowl, 490
Whose crooked beak and claws the birds controul,
Little of bulk, but of a warlike soul.
A hawk become, the feather'd race's foe,
He tries to ease his own by others woe.

A WOLF TURNED INTO MARBLE.

While they astonish'd heard the king relate, 495
These wonders of his hapless brother's fate ;
The prince's herdsman at the court arrives,
And fresh surprize to all the audience gives.
O Peleus, Peleus, dreadful news I bear,
He said ; and trembled as he spoke for fear. 500
The worst, affrighted Peleus bid him tell,
Whilst Ceyx too grew pale with friendly zeal.
Thus he began : When Sol mid-heav'n had gain'd,
And half his way was past and half remain'd,
I to the level shore my cattle drove, 505
And let them freely in the meadows rove ;
Some stretch'd at length admire the wat'ry plain,
Some cropp'd the herb, some wanton swam the main.
A temple stands of antique make hard by,
Where no gilt domes nor marble lure the eye ; 510
Unpolish'd rafters bear its lowly height,
Hid by a grove, as ancient, from the sight.
Here Nereus, and the Nereids they adore ;
I learnt it from the man who thither bore
His net, to dry it on the sunny shore. 515

Adjoins a lake, inclos'd with willows round,
Where swelling waves have overflow'd the mound, }
And, muddy, stagnate on the lower ground. }
From thence a rustling noise increasing flies, 519
Strikes the still shore, and frights us with surprize.
Straight a huge wolf rush'd from the marshy wood,
His jaws besmear'd with mingled foam and blood.
Though equally by hunger urg'd, and rage,
His appetite he minds not to assuage ;
Nought that he meets, his rabid fury spares, 525
But the whole herd with mad disorder tears.
Some of our men who strove to drive him thence,
Torn by his teeth, have died in their defence.
The echoing lakes, the sea, and fields, and shore,
Impurpled blush with streams of reeking gore, 530
Delay is loss, nor have we time for thought ;
While yet some few remain alive, we ought
To seize our arms, and with confed'rate force
Try if we so can stop his bloody course.
But Peleus car'd not for his ruin'd herd ; 535
His crime he call'd to mind, and thence inferr'd,
That Psamathè's revenge this havock made,
In sacrifice to murder'd Phocus' shade.
The king commands his servants to their arms,
Resolv'd to go ; but the loud noise alarms 540
His lovely queen, who from her chamber flew,
And her half-plaited hair behind her threw :

About his neck she hung with loving fears,
And now with words, and now with pleading tears,
Intreated that he'd send his men alone, 545

And stay himself to save two lives in one.

Then Peleus: Your just fears, O queen, forget;
Too much the offer leaves me in your debt.

No arms against the monster I shall bear,

But the sea-nymphs appease with humble pray'r.

The citadel's high turrets pierce the sky, 551
Which home-bound vessels, glad, from far descry;

This they ascend, and thence with sorrow ken,

The mangled heifers lie, and bleeding men;

Th' inexorable ravager they view, 555

With blood discolour'd, still the rest pursue:

There Peleus pray'd submissive tow'rd the sea,

And deprecates the ire of injur'd Psamathè.

But deaf to all his pray'rs the nymph remain'd,

Till Thetis for her spouse the boon obtain'd. 560

Pleas'd with the luxury, the furious beast,

Unstopp'd, continues still his bloody feast:

While yet upon a sturdy bull he flew,

Chang'd by the nymph, a marble block he grew.

No longer dreadful now the wolf appears, 565

Bury'd in stone, and vanish'd like their fears.

Yet still the fates unhappy Peleus vex'd:

To the Magnesian shore he wanders next.

Acastus there, who rul'd the peaceful clime,

Grants his request, and expiates his crime. 570

THE STORY OF CEYX AND ALCYONE.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

These prodigies affect the pious prince,
But more perplex'd with those that happen'd since,
He purposes to seek the Clarian god,
Avoiding Delphi, his more fam'd abode,
Since Phlegian robbers made unsafe the road. }
Yet could he not from her he lov'd so well, 576
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal;
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shiv'ring to her heart;
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue, 580
And in her eyes the tears are ever new.
She thrice essay'd to speak; her accents hung,
And fault'ring died unfinish'd on her tongue,
Or vanish'd into sighs: With long delay
Her voice return'd, and found the wonted way. 585
Tell me, my lord, she said, what fault unknown }
Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done?
Whither, ah whither, is thy kindness gone?
Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life? 590
What can thy mind to this long journey move?
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou go'st by land, though grief possess
My soul ev'n then, my fears will be the less.

But ah! be warn'd to shun the wat'ry way, 595
The face is frightful of the stormy sea :
For late I saw adrift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my sire in caves constrains the wind, 600
Can with a breath their clam'rous rage appease,
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas :
Not so ; for once indulg'd, they sweep the main ;
Deaf to the call, or hearing, hear in vain ;
But bent on mischief bear the waves before, 605
And not content with seas, insult the shore,
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage :
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above : 610
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child within my father's court :
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne :
The more I know, the more my fears augment ;
And fears are oft prophetic of th' event. 615
But if not fears or reasons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share, 620
And present, what I suffer, only fear :

Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.

These reasons mov'd her warlike husband's heart,
But still he held his purpose to depart : 625

For as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife ;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But sought by arguments to sooth her pain :
Nor these avail'd ; at length he lights on one, 630
With which so difficult a cause he won :

My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
For by my father's holy flame I swear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heav'n allow me life, I will return. 635

This promise of so short a stay prevails ;
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to launch ; she trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews :

Last with a kiss, she took a long farewell, 640

Sigh'd with a sad presage, and swooning fell :

While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,

Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew

To their broad breasts ; the ship with fury flew. }

The queen, recover'd, rears her humid eyes, 645

And first her husband on the poop espies,

Shaking his hand at distance on the main ;

He took the sign, and shook her hand again.

Still as the ground recedes, contracts her view
With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer knew 650
The much-lov'd face ; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes ;
The galley borne from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight the flying sails :
When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more, 655
Forsaken of all sight she left the shore.

Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her weary'd eyes to close :
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart.

And now a breeze from shore began to blow, 660
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row ;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales :
By this the vessel half her course had run, 665
And as much rested till the rising sun ;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
Of day, a stiffer gale at east arose :
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, first denounce the wat'ry war. 670

This seen, the master soon began to cry:
Strike, strike the top sail ; let the main sheet fly,
And furl your sails : the winds repel the sound,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd
Yet of their own accord, as danger taught 675
Each in his way officiously they wrought ;

Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another bolder, yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails ; a fourth with labour laves
Th' intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves. 680

In this confusion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars ; the suff'ring seas
Are toss'd, and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but in despair 685
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care ;
Nor what to bid or what forbid he knows ;
Th' ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows :
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill ;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill ; 690
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrouds ;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds :
At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders roll.

Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
And in the fires above the water fries ; 696
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glitt'ring billows give a golden show ;
And when the fouler bottom spews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take : 700
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colours, changing their disease.
Like various fits the Trachin vessel finds,
And now sublime she rides upon the winds ;

As from a lofty summit looks from high, 703
And from the clouds beholds the nether sky ;
Now from the depth of hell they lift their sight,
And at a distance see superior light ;
The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as batt'ring-rams a fort : 710
Or as a lion bounding in his way,
With force augmented, bears against his prey,
Sidelong to seize ; or unappal'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear :
So seas impell'd by winds, with added pow'r 715
Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tow'r,
The planks (their pitchy cov'ring wash'd away)
Now yield ; and now a yawning breach display :
The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side. 720
Mean time in sheets of rain the sky descends,
And ocean swell'd with waters upwards tends ;
One rising, falling one, the heav'n and sea
Meet at their confines in the middle way :
The sails are drunk with show'rs, and drop with rain,
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main. 726
No star appears to lend his friendly light ;
Darkness and tempest make a double night ;
But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite, 731
And as a soldier foremost in the fight,

Makes way for others and an host alone
Still presses on, and urging gains the town ;
So while th' invading billows come a-breast, 735
The hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey ;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows conqu'ring shout, 740
And mount on others backs, in hope to share
The city, thus become the seat of war.

An universal cry resounds aloud,
The sailors run in heaps, a helpless crowd ;
Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near ; 745
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief ;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief,
But stupid, with dry eyes expects his fate : 749
One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate,
And calls those happy whom their fun'ral wait. }
This wretch with pray'rs and vows the gods implores,
And e'en the skies he cannot see, adores.
That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,
His careful father and his faithful spouse. 755
The covetous worlding in his anxious mind,
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.

All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys,

His wife he wishes, and would still be near,
Nor her with him, but wishes him with her :
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destin'd him to see no more ;
He sought, but in the dark tempestuous night
He knew not whether to direct his sight.
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky
That the black night receives a deeper dye.

The giddy ship ran round ; the tempest tore
Her mast and overboard the rudder bore ;
One billow mounts and with a scornful brow,
Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves below
Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore
Pindus and Athos with the freight they bore,
And toss'd on seas ; press'd with the pond'rous blow
Down sinks the ship within th' abyss below :
Down with the vessel sink into the main
The many never more to rise again.
Some few on scatter'd planks, with fruitless care,
Lay hold and swim, but while they swim despair.

Ev'n he who late a scepter did command,
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand ;
And while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife in vain.
But yet his consort is his greatest care ;
Alcyone he names amidst his pray'r ;
Names as a charm against the waves and wind,
Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind.

Tir'd with his toil all hopes of safety past,
From prayers to wishes he descends at last ;
That his dead body wafted to the sands, 790
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair ;
And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murm'ring Alcyone beneath the waves : 795
At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
That night, his heav'nly form obscur'd with tears ;
And since he was forbid to leave the skies, 800
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Mean time Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone.
Observes the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wishes for a new ; 805
Against the promis'd time provides with care,
And hastens in the woof the robes he was to wear :
And for herself employs another loom,
New drest to meet her lord returning home, [come : }
Flatt'ring her heart with joys that never were to }
She fum'd the temples with an od'rous flame, }
And oft before the sacred altars came, }
To pray for him, who was an empty name. }
All pow'rs implor'd, but far above the rest,
To Juno she her pious vows address'd, 815

Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct :
Then pray'd, that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part ;
This last petition heard of all her pray'r, 820
The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in air.

But she, the goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held : 825
Then Iris thus bespoke : Thou faithful maid,
By whom thy queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haste to the house of sleep, and bid the god
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form 830
Resembling him, who perish'd in the storm ;
This form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event.

Indu'd with robes of various hue she flies, 834
And flying draws an arch (a segment of the skies):
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep
Descends, to search the silent house of sleep.

THE HOUSE OF SLEEP.

Near the Cymmerians, in his dark abode,
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy god ;
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun, 846
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon ;

But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky:
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day; 845
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace;
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry;
But safe repose without an air of breath 850
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.

An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow,
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps.
Around its entry nodding poppies grow, 856
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing, sheds it on the silent plains:
No door there was th' unguarded house to keep, 860
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.

But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon stead:
Black was the cov'ring too where lay the god,
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad:
About his head fantastic visions fly, 866
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees no more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.

The virgin ent'ring bright, indulg'd the day 870
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away ;
The god disturb'd with this new glare of light
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking, on his bosom knock'd his chin ; 875
At length shook off himself, and ask'd the dame,
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came.

To whom the goddess thus : O sacred rest,
Sweet pleasing sleep, of all the pow'rs the best !
O peace of mind, repairer of decay, [day, }
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the }
Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies away ! }
Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
And send it flitting to the Trachin court, 885
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report :
Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep ; 890
But fled, returning by the way she went,
And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent,
The god, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain ;
And tho' against his custom, call'd aloud, 895
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd :

Morpheus, of all his numerous train, express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best ;
The walk, the words, the gesture could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien bely ; 900
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another, birds, and beasts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monster shapes :
This demon, Icelos, in heav'n's high hall 905
The gods have nam'd ; but men Phobetor call.
A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul ;
Earth, fruits, and flow'rs he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks remov'd, and running streams. 910
These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,

The rest before th' ignoble commons play.
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd ;
Which done, the lazy monarch, over-watch'd,
Down from his propping elbow drops his head, 915
Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.

Darkling the demon glides, for flight prepar'd,
So soft, that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting shade,
Thro' air his momentary journey made. 920
Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
Forsakes his proper form, assumes the king's ;

And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And stands before the bed at dawn of day ; 925
Unmov'd his eyes and wet his beard appears ;
And shedding vain, but seeming real tears :
The briny water dropping from his hairs.
Then staring on her with a ghastly look,
And hollow voice, he thus the queen bespoke. 930

Know'st thou not me ? nor yet unhappy wife ?
Or are my features perish'd with my life ?
Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
Lo all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost !
Thy vows for my return were all in vain, 935
The stormy south o'ertook us in the main,
And never shalt thou see thy living lord again.
Bear witness, heav'n, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd a billow stopp'd my breath.
Think not, that flying fame reports my fate : 940
I present I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Rise wretched widow, rise ; nor undeplor'd
Permit my soul to pass the Stygian ford ; [lord.
But rise, prepar'd in black, to mourn thy perish'd

Thus said the player-god ; and adding art 945
Of voice of gesture, so perform'd his part,
She thought (so like her love this shade appears)
That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the tears ;
She groan'd, her inward soul with grief oppress'd,
She sigh'd, she wept, and sleeping beat her breast ;

Then stretch'd her arms t'embrace his body bare ;
Her clasping arms enclose but empty air :
At this not yet awake, she cry'd O stay ;
One is our fate and common is our way ! 954

So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
That starting sudden up, the slumber broke :
Then cast her eyes around, in hope to view
Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true :
For now the maids who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands. 960
Tir'd with the search nor finding what she seeks,
With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks ;
Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair. 964
Her nurse demands the cause ; with louder cries,
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies.

No more Alcyone ; she suffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath :
No flatt'ry, no false comfort, give me none,
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone : 970
I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew :
His lustre lost, and ev'ry living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face ; 974
Tho' with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,
None but my Ceyx could appear so fair :
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,
But thro' my arms he slipt, and vanish'd from the place :

There, ev'n just there he stood ; and as she spoke,
Where last the spectre was she cast her look : 98
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground,
If any printed footsteps might be found.

Then sigh'd, and said : this I too well foreknew
And my prophetic fears presag'd too true : 98
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part ;
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way !
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd 98
Together we had liv'd ; ev'n not in death disjoin'd
So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there :
Now I die absent, in the vast profound ;
And me without myself the seas have drown'd :
The storms are not so cruel ; should I strive 98
To lengthen life and such a grief survive ;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains, 100
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone shall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.

No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in between her words, 100
And stopt her tongue: but what her tongue deny'd
Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints supply'd

'Twas morning, to the port she takes her way,
And stands upon the margin of the sea :
That place, that very spot of ground she sought ;
Or thither by her destiny was brought, 1010
Where last he stood : And while she sadly said, }
'Twas here he left me, ling'ring here delay'd }
His parting kiss, and there his anchors weigh'd. }

Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions
trace,

And call to mind, admonish'd by the place, 1015
Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries :
It seem'd a corpse a-drift to distant sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright ?
It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew, 1020
That what before she but surmis'd, was true :
A corpse it was, but whose, it was unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the case her own :
'Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,
As for a stranger wept, and thus began: 1025

Poor wretch on stormy seas to lose thy life,
Unhappy thou but more thy widow'd wife !
At this she paus'd ; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the side :
The more she looks, the more her fears increase, 1030
At nearer sight ; and she's herself the less :
Now driv'n ashore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees :

Her husband's corpse ; at this she loudly shrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her cheeks, 1035
Her hair, and vest ; and stooping to the sands,
About his neck she cast her trembling hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing wife ; 1039
She said, and to the neighb'ring mole she strode,
(Rais'd there to break th' incursions of the flood ;)

Headlong from thence to plunge herself she
But shoots along, supported on her wings ; [springs
A bird new made, about the banks she plies, 1044
Not far from shore, and short excursions tries ;

Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise,
Content to skim the surface of the seas :
Her bill, tho' slender, sends a creaking noise,
And imitates a lamentable voice.

Now lighting where the bloodless body lies, 1050
She with her fun'ral note renews her cries :

At all her stretch, her little wings she spread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead :

Then flick'ring to his pallid lips, she strove,
To print a kiss the last essay of love. 1055

Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone ;

For sure a present miracle was shown. 1059

The gods their shapes to winter-birds translate.
But both obnoxious to their former fate.

Their conjugal affection still is ty'd,
And still the mournful race is multiply'd :
They bill, they tread ; Alcyonè compress'd,
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest ; 1065
A wintry queen : her sire at length is kind,
Calms ev'ry storm, and hushes ev'ry wind ;
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smooths the seas.

ÆSACUS TRANSFORMED INTO A COR-
MORANT.

These some old man sees wanton in the air, 1070
And praises the unhappy constant pair,
Then to his friend the long-neck'd corm'rant shows,
The former tale reviving others woes :
That sable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood.
With slender legs, was once of royal blood ; 1075
His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede,
(Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy)
And Priam, hapless prince ! who fell with Troy.
Himself was Hector's brother, and (had fate 1080
But given his hopeful youth a longer date)
Perhaps had rivall'd warlike Hector's worth,
Tho' on the mother's side of meaner birth.
Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid,
Dare Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade. 1085

He fled the noisy town, and pompous court,
 Lov'd the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
 And seldom to the city would resort.

Yet he no rustic clownishness profess'd,
 Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast : 1090

The youth had long the nymph Hesperie woo'd,
 Oft thro' the thicket, or the mead pursu'd :

Her haply on her father's bank he spy'd,
 While fearless she her silver tresses dry'd ; 1094

Away she fled: not stags with half such speed,
 Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead ;
 Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
 Pursu'd by hawks, so swift regain the lake.

As fast she follow'd in the hot career ;
 Desire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear. 1100

A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot :
 Quick thro' the veins the venom'd juices shoot :
 She fell, and 'scap'd by death his fierce pursuit ;
 Her lifeless body, frighted, he embrac'd,
 And cry'd, not this I dreaded, but thy haste : 1105
 O had my love been less, or less thy fear !

The victory, thus bought, is far too dear.

Accurs'd snake : yet I more curs'd than he !

He gave the wound ; the cause was given by me.

Yet none shall say that unreveng'd you dy'd.

He spoke ; then climb'd a cliff's o'er hanging side,
 And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.

OV 99



METAMORPHOSES VOL. 3.

Her haply on her Fathers Bank she lay
While fearless she her silver tresses dy'd
Ereus & Hesperie
Bookn

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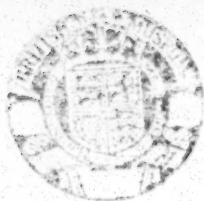
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METAMORPHOSES VOL. 3.

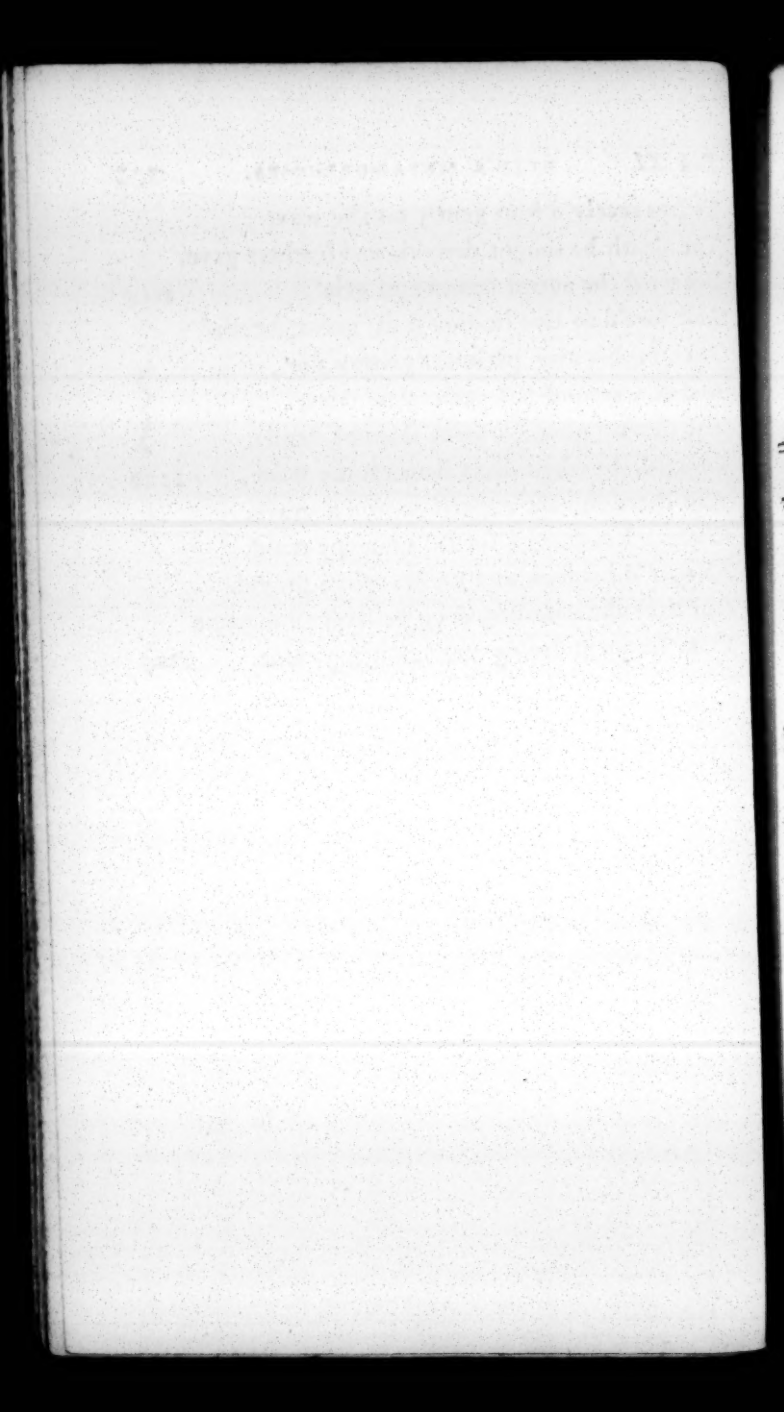
Her haply on her Fathers Bank she spy'd
 While fearless she her silver tresses dy'd
 Eteus & Hesperie
 Bookn



150

150

Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave ;
The death he sought deny'd, and feathers gave.
Debarr'd the surest remedy of grief, 1115
And forc'd to live he curs'd th' unask'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upwards flies,
And at a second fall successless tries;
The downy plume a quick descent denies. }
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave, 1120
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaseless sorrow for th' unhappy maid,
Meager'd his look and on his spirits prey'd.
Still near the sounding deep he lives ; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came. 1125



OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XII.

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN.

THE TROJAN WAR.

PRIAM, to whom the story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son :
A cenotaph his name and title kept, [wept.
And Hector round the tomb with all his brothers
This pious office Paris did not share, 5
Absent alone, and author of the war,
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
T' avenge the rape ; and Asia to subdue.
A thousand ships were mann'd to sail the sea :
Nor had their just resentments found delay, 10 }
Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their way. }
At Aulis, with united pow'rs they meet,
But there cross-winds or calms detain'd the fleet.

Now while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore ; 15
A boding sign the priest and people see :
A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
And, in the leafy summit, spy'd a nest,
Which o'er her callow young, a sparrow press'd.
Eight were the birds unfledg'd ; their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care ; but still in view : 21
Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood ;
Then seiz'd the flutt'ring dam, and drank her blood.
This dire ostent, the fearful people view ;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught foreknew 25
What heav'n decreed ; and with a smiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
O Argives, we shall conquer : Troy is ours,
But long delays shall first afflict our pow'rs :
Nine years of labour, the nine birds portend ; 30
The tenth shall in the town's destruction end.

The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held :
But, as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone :
The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own. 35

Yet, not for this, the wind-bound navy weigh'd ;
Slack were their sails ; and Neptune disobey'd,
Some thought him loath the town should be destroy'd,
Whose building had his hands divine employ'd ;
Not so the seer ; who knew, and known foreshow'd,
The virgin Phœbe, with a virgin's blood, 41

Must first be reconcil'd : the common cause
Prevail'd ; and pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen-robcs array'd ;
All mourn her fate ; But no relief appear'd, 46
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd :
When that offended pow'r, who caus'd their woe,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath, and stopp'd the coming
A mist before the ministers she cast, [blow.
And in the virgin's room, a hind she plac'd. 51
Th' oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smil'd :
A favourable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desir'd, the Grecian gallies bore.

THE HOUSE OF FAME.

Full in the midst of this created space, 56
Betwixt heav'n, earth, and skies, there stands a place,
Confirming on all three, with triple bound ;
Whence all things, tho' remote, are view'd around, }
And thither bring their undulating sound. }
The palace of loud Fame, her scat of pow'r, 6
Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tow'r ;
A thousand winding entries long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
A thousand crannies in the walls are made ; 63
Nor gate, nor bars exclude the busy trade.

'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news;
Where echo's in repeated echo's play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day. 70
Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease.
Confus'd, and chiding like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from th' insulted shore.
Or like the broken thunder heard from far, 75
When Jove at distance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crowds or issuing forth, or ent'ring in:
A thoroughfare of news: Where some devise
Things never heard, some mingle truth with lies;
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat, 81
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there, with added train
Of vain credulity, and joys as vain;
Suspicion, with sedition join'd, are near, [fear.
And rumours rais'd; and murmurs mix'd, and panic
Fame sits aloft and sees the subject ground; 87
And seas about, and skies above; enquiring all around.
The goddess gives th' alarm; and soon is known
The Grecian fleet, descending on the town. 90
Fix'd on defence the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore, from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: By Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand;

Which with expence of blood the Grecians won; 95
And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's son.
And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes; and what deaths they dealt.

THE STORY OF CYGNUS.

From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
Was strew'd with carcasses, and stain'd with gore;
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain; 101
Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks; Where'er he fought,
Cygnus, or Hector, thro' the fields he sought;
Cygnus he found: On him his force essay'd: 105
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-maned steeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
He cheer'd to courage, with a gentle stroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe;
And rising shook his lance; in act to throw. 110
But first he cry'd, O youth be proud to bear
Thy death ennobled by Pelides' spear.
The lance pursu'd the voice without delay,
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way;
But pierc'd his cuirass, with such fury sent, 115
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
At this the seed of Neptune; goddess-born,
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn;

This helm, and heavy buckler, I can spare ;
As only decorations of the war : 120

So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need,
'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed,

Than from a daughter of the sea to spring :

Thy sire is mortal ; mine is ocean's king.

Secure of death, I should condemn thy dart, 125

Tho' naked ; and impassable depart :

He said, and threw : the trembling weapon pass'd

Through nine bull-hides, each under other plac'd,

On his broad shield ; and stuck within the last. }

Achilles wrench'd it out ; and sent again 130

The hostile gift ; the hostile gift was vain.

He try'd a third, a tough well-chosen spear ;

Th' inviolable body stood sincere,

Tho' Cygnus then did no defence provide,

But scornful offer'd his unshielded side. 135

Not otherwise th' impatient hero far'd,

Than as a bull encompass'd with a guard

Amid the circus roars, provok'd from far

By sight of scarlet and a sanguine war :

They quit their ground, his bending horns elude ;

In vain pursuing and in vain pursu'd. 141

Before to farther fight he would advance,

He stood consid'ring, and survey'd his lance.

Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear

Without a point : He look'd the point was there.

This is my hand, and this my lance, he said ; 146
By which so many thousand foes are dead :
O whither is their usual virtue fled !
I had it once ; and the Lyrnessian wall,
And Tenedos, confess'd it in their fall, 150
Thy streams, Caicus roll'd a crimson-flood ;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd this piercing steel,
To wound him first and afterwards to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain : 155
And that my wonted prowess I retain,
Witness these heaps of slaughter on the plain.
He said ; and, doubtful of his former deeds,
To some new trial of his force proceeds.
He chose Menætes from among the rest ; 160
At him he launch'd his spear, and pierc'd his breast ;
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay supine ; and forth the spirit fled.
Then thus the hero ; neither can I blame
The hand, or jav'lin ; both are still the same. 165
The same I will employ against this foe,
And wish but with the same success to throw.
So spoke the chief ; and while he spoke he threw ;
The weapon with unerring fury flew,
At his left shoulder aim'd : Nor entrance found ;
But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound 171
Harmless return'd : A bloody mark appear'd,
Which with false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.

Wound there was none ; the blood that was in view,
The lance before from slain Menætes drew. 175

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in close fight on foot renews the war,
Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows ;
Nor shield, nor armour can their force oppose ;
Huge cantlets of his buckler strew the ground, 180
And no defence in his bor'd arms is found.
But on his flesh, no wound or blood is seen ;
The sword itself is blunted on the skin.

This vain attempt the chief no longer bears ;
But round his hollow temples and his ears 185
His buckler beats : the son of Neptune, stunn'd
With these repeated buffets, quits his ground ;
A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night ;
Inverted nature swims before his sight :
Th' insulting victor presses on the more, 190
And treads the steps the vanquish'd trod before.
Nor rest, nor respite gives. A stone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and stopp'd his way ;
Achilles took th' advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on the ground,
His buckler held him under, while he press'd, 196
With both his knees, above, his panting breast.
Unlac'd his helm : About his chin the twist
He ty'd ; and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.

With eager haste he went to strip the dead ; 200
The vanish'd body from his arms was fled.

His sea-god sire, t'immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to a bird that bears his name.

A Truce succeeds the labours of this day,
And arms suspended with a long delay. 205

While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward;
The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard;
The feast approach'd; when to the blue-ey'd maid
His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid. }

The reeking entrails on the fire they threw, 211
And to the gods the grateful odour flew:
Heav'n had its part in sacrifice: the rest
Was broil'd, and roasted for the future feast.

The chief invited guests were set around: 215
And hunger first assuag'd, the bowls were crown'd
Which in deep draughts their cares, and labours
drown'd. }

The mellow harp did not their ears employ:
And mute was all the warlike symphony, 219

Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,
And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night.

The subject, deeds of arms; and valour shown,
Or on the Trojan side, or on their own.

Of dangers undertaken, fame achiev'd, 224

They talk by turns; the talk by turns reliev'd.

What things but these could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well?

The last great act perform'd, of Cygnus slain,
Did most the martial audience entertain :
Wond'ring to find a body free by fate 230
From steel ; and which could ev'n that steel rebate ;
Amaz'd, their admiration they renew ;
And scarce Pelides could believe it true.

THE STORY OF CÆNEUS.

Then Nestor thus : What once this age has known
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone, 235
These eyes have seen in Cæneus long before ;
Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage, and in strength, excell'd ;
And still his Othry's with his fame is fill'd ;
But what did most his martial deeds adorn, 240
(Tho' since he chang'd his sex) a woman born.

A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
His list'ning audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common suit :
O father, first for prudence, in repute, 245
Tell, with that eloquence, so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Cæneus knowa ;
What was he, whence his change of sex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won ?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal strife 250
The youth, without a wound, could lose his life ?

Neleides then ; though tardy age, and time,
Have shrunk my sinews and decay'd my prime ;

Though much I have forgotten of my store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more. 255

Of all that arms achiev'd, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind,
Than ought beside. If rev'rend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.

'Twas in my second cent'ry, I survey'd 260
Young Cænis, then a fair Thessalian maid :

Cænis the bright, was born to high command ;
A princess, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles ; ev'ry tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd. 265

Peleus, thy sire, perhaps had sought her bed,
Among the rest ; but he had either led,
Thy mother then ; or was by promise ty'd ;
But she to him, and all, alike her love deny'd

It was her fortune once to take her way 270
Along the sandy margin of the sea :

The pow'r of ocean view'd her as she past,
And, lov'd as soon as seen, by force embrac'd.
So fame reports. Her virgin-treasure seiz'd,
And his new joys, the ravisher so pleas'd, 275

That thus, transported, to the nymph he cry'd ;
Ask what thou wilt, no pray'r shall be deny'd.

This also fame relates : The haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a god could bear,
This answer, proud, return'd : To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompence, of right, belongs. 281

Give me no more to suffer such a shame ;
But change the woman, for a better name ;
One gift for all : She said ; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestic, manly tone she took. 285
A man she was ; and as the godhead swore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.

To this the lover adds, without request,
No force of steel should violate his breast.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes ; 290
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes.

THE SKIRMISH BETWEEN THE CENTAURS AND LAPITHES.

Now brave Perithous, bold Ixion's son,
The love of fair Hippodamè had won.
The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beast,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feast : 295
In a cool cave's recess the treat was made, [shade.
Whose entrance, trees with spreading boughs o'er-
They sat ; and summon'd by the bridegroom, came,
To mix with those, the Lapythæan name :
Nor wanted I : The roofs with joy resound : 300
And Hymen, Io Hymen, rung around.
Rais'd altars shone with holy fires ; the bride,
Lovely herself (and lovely by her side
A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace)
Came glitt'ring like a star, and took her place.

Her heav'nly form beheld, all wish'd her joy ; 306
And little wanted, but in vain, their wishes all employ.

For one, most brutal, of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine, or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes 310

The bride ; at once resolv'd to make his prize.
Down went the board ; and fast'ning on her hair,
He seiz'd with sudden force the frightened fair.

'Twas Eurytus began ; his bestial kind
His crime pursu'd ; and each as pleas'd his mind,
Or her, whom chance presented, took : The feast
An image of a taken town express'd. 317

The cave resounds with female shrieks ; we rise,]
Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprise :
And Theseus first : What frenzy has possess'd, 320
O Eurytus, he cry'd, thy brutal breast,
To wrong Perithous, and not him alone,
But while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one ?

To justify his threat, he thrusts aside 324
The crowd of centaurs ; and redeems the bride :
The monster nought reply'd : For words were vain,
And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain :
But answers with his hand ; and forward press'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breast.

An ample goblet stood, of antic mold, 330
And rough with figures of the rising gold ;
The hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in air
Full at the front of the foul ravisher.

He falls ; and falling vomits forth a flood 334
Of wine, and foam, and brains, and mingled blood.
Half roaring and half neighing through the hall,
Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call ;
To wreak their brother's death : A medley-flight
Of bowls, and jars, at first supply the fight,
Once instruments of feasts, but now of fate ; 340
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.

Bold Amycus, from the robb'd vestry brings
The chalices of heav'n ; and holy things
Of precious weight : A sconce, that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd, to light the sacristy, 345
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapythæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell ; and left
His face, of feature and of form bereft :
So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks, 350
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
His eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to ground ;
His nose, dismantled, in his mouth is found ;
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd wound. }

This, Belates, th' avenger, could not brook ; 355
But, by the foot, a maple board he took ;
And hurl'd at Amycus ; his chin it bent
Against his chest, and down the centaur sent :
Whom sputt'ring bloody teeth, the second blow
Of his drawn sword, dispatch'd to shades below.

Grineus was near ; and cast a furious look 361

On the side-altar, cens'd with sacred smoke,

And bright with flaming fires : The gods, he cry'd,

Have with their holy trade our hands supply'd :

Why use we not their gifts ? 'Then from the floor

An altar-stone he heav'd, with all the load it bore :

Altar, and altar's freight, together flew, 367

Where thickest throng'd the Lapythæan crew ;

And, at once, Broteas and Oryus slew.

Oryus' mother, Mycalè, was known 370

Down from her sphere to draw the lab'ring moon.

Exadius cry'd, Unpunish'd shall not go

This fact, if arms are found against the foe.

He look'd about, where on a pine were spread

The votive horns of a stag's branching head : 375

At Grineus those he throws ; so just they fly,

That the sharp antlers struck in either eye :

Breathless, and blind he fell ; with blood besnear'd

His eye-balls beaten out, hung dangling on his beard.

Fierce Rhaetus, from the hearth a burning brand 380

Selects, and whirling, waves ; till, from his hand

The fire took flame ; then dash'd it from the right,

On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight :

The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the bone,

And caught the yellow hair, that shrivel'd while it

shone.

385

Caught, like dry stubble fir'd; or like seerwood
 Yet from the wound ensu'd no purple flood;
 But look'd a bubbling mass, of frying blood.
 His blazing locks sent forth a cracking sound;
 And hiss'd, like red hot ir'n within the smithy
 drown'd.

390

The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
 Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)
 He heaves the threshold-stone; but could not throw;
 The weight itself forbade the threaten'd blow;
 Which dropping from his lifted arms, came down
 Full on Cometes' head; and crush'd his crown. 396
 Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy; but said,
 So by their fellows may our foes be sped;
 Then with redoubled strokes he plies his head:
 The burning lever not deludes his pains: 400
 But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.

Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd;
 Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursu'd:
 First, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he slew;
 Whose fall, when fierce Evagrus had in view, 405
 He cry'd, what palm is from a beardless prey?
 Rhætus prevents what more he had to say:
 And drove within his mouth the fi'ry death,
 Which enter'd hissing in, and choak'd his breath.
 At Dryas next he flew: But weary chance, 410
 No longer would the same success advance.

For while he whirl'd in fi'ry circles round
The brand, a sharpen'd stake strong Dryas found :
And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
The weapon stuck ; which, roaring out with pain,
He drew ; nor longer durst the fight maintain,
But turn'd his back, for fear ; and fled amain.
With him fled Orneus, with like dread possess'd ;
Thaumas, and Medon wounded in the breast ;
And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd, 420
Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
Pholus, and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
And Abas, maim'd, who boars encountring slew :
And Augur Astylos, whose art in vain,
From fight dissuaded the four footed train ; 425
Now beat the hoof with Nessus on the plain ;
But to his fellow cry'd, be safely slow,
Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.

Mean time strong Dryas urg'd his chance so well,
That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell ; 430
All, one by one, and fighting face to face :
Crenæus fled, to fall with more disgrace :
For, fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore,
Betwixt his nose, and front, the blow before.
Amid the noise, and tumult of the fray, 435
Snoaring, and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.

Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd ;
 Take thy next draught, with stygian waters mix'd,
 And sleep thy fill, th' insulting victor cry'd ; 441
 Surpriz'd with death unfelt, the centaur dy'd ;
 The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his soul,
 Repass'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.

I saw Peträus' arms employ'd around 445
 A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
 This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands ;
 The trunk, was like a sappling, in his hands,
 And still obey'd the bent ; while thus he stood,
 Perithous' dart drove on ; and nail'd him to the
 Lycus, and Chromis fell, by him oppress'd : [wood ;
 Helops, and Dictis added to the rest 452

A nobler palm : Helops, thro' either ear
 Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating spear.
 This Dictis saw ; and, seiz'd with sudden fright,
 Leapt headlong from the hill of steepy height ;
 And crush'd an ash beneath, that could not bear
 his weight. 457

The shatter'd tree receives his fall ; and strikes,
 Within his full-blown paunch, the sharpen'd spikes.
 Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty stone, 460
 The fragment of a rock ; and would have thrown,
 But Theseus, with a club of harden'd oak,
 The cubit-bone of the bold centaur broke
 And left him maim'd ; nor seconded the stroke. }

Then leap'd on tall Bianor's back ; (who bore
No mortal burden but his own, before) 466
Press'd with his knees his sides ; the double man,
His speed with spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks ;
His other ply'd him with repeated strokes, 470
The club rung round his ears, and batter'd brows ;
He falls ; and lashing up his heels, his rider throws.

The same Herculean arms, Medymnus wound ;
And lays by him Lycotas on the ground. 474
And Hyppasus, whose beard his breast invades ;
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland shades :
And Tereus, us'd with mountain-bears to strive ;
And from their dens to draw th' indignant beasts

Demoleon could not bear this hateful sight, [alive.
Or the long fortune of th' Athenian knight : 480
But pull'd with all his force, to disengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age :
The root stuck fast : the broken trunk he sent
At Theseus : Theseus frustrates his intent,
And leaps aside ; by Pallas warn'd, the blow 485
To shun : (for so he said ; and we believ'd it so.)
Yet not in vain th' enormous weight was cast ;
Which Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist :
Thy father's 'squire, Achilles, and his care ;
Whom conquer'd in the Polopeian war, 490
Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd to Peleus sent.

Thy sire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate ;
And cry'd, not long, lov'd Crantor, shalt thou wait
Thy vow'd revenge. At once he said; and threw
His ashen-spear; which quiver'd as it flew ; 495
With all his force, and all his soul apply'd ;
The sharp point enter'd in the centaur's side :
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster join'd ;
And wrench'd it out, but left the steel behind. 500
Stuck in his lungs it stood ; enrag'd he rears
His hoofs and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampil'd under foot, his shield defends
His head ; his other hand the lance portends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the dust, 505
He sped the centaur, with one single thrust.
Two more his lance before transfix'd from far ;
And two, his sword had slain, in closer war.
To these was added Dorylas, who spread
A bull's two goaring horns around his head. 510
With these he push'd : In blood already dy'd,
Him, fearless, I approach'd ; and thus defy'd :
Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear,
Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear.
At this, I threw, for want of other ward, 515
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it pass'd, and fix'd it to his brow :
Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow.
Him Peleus finish'd, with a second wound,
Which thro' the navel pierc'd; he reel'd around ; }
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground. }

Trod what he drag'd ; and what he trod he crush'd :
And to his mother-earth, with empty belly, rush'd.

THE STORY OF CYLLARUS AND HYLO-
NOME.

Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreshow
Thy fate ; (if form to monsters men allow :) 525
Just bloom'd thy beard : thy beard of golden hue :
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look : Thy shapes in ev'ry part
So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art ;
As far as man extended : Where began 530
The beast, the beast was equal to the man.
Add but a horse's head and neck ; and he,
O Castor, was a courser worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the seat ;
So rose his brawny chest ; so swiftly mov'd his feet.
Coal black his colour, but like jet it shone ; 536
His legs, and flowing tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind ;
But fair Hylonomè possess'd his mind ;
Hylonomè, for features, and for face, 540
Excelling all the nymphs of double race :
Nor less her blandishments, than beauty, move :
At once both loving, and confessing love.
For him she dress'd, for him, with female care
She comb'd, and set in curls, her auburne hair. 545

Of roses, violets, and lillies mix'd,
And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt.
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front :
In waters of the Pagasæan fount,
And in the streams that from the fountain play, 550
She wash'd her face ; and bath'd her twice a day.
The scarf of furs, that hung below her side,
Was ermin, or the panther's spotted pride ;
Spoils of no common beasts. With equal flame
They lov'd : their sylvan pleasures were the same :
All day they hunted ; and when day expir'd, 556
Together to some shady cave retir'd :
Invited to the nuptials, both repair :
And, side by side, they both engage in war.
Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart 560
At Cyllarus was sent ; which pierc'd his heart.
The jav'lin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with stagg'ring steps ; and seeks the ground.
The fair, within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And strove his wand'ring spirits to recall : 565
And while her hand the streaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she clos'd.
Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies ;
She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries :
At least her words were in her clamour drown'd ;
For my stunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal sound. 571
In madness of her grief, she seiz'd the dart
New-drawn, and recking from her lover's heart ;

To her bare bosom the sharp point apply'd ;
And wounded fell ; and falling by his side, [dy'd. }
Embrac'd him in her arms ; and thus embracing }

Ev'n still methinks, I see Phæocomes ; 577

Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress

Six lions hides, with thongs together fast,

His upper part defended to his waist : 580

And where man ended, the continual vest,

Spread on his back, the house and trappings of a beast.

A stump too heavy for a team to draw,

(It seems a fable, tho' the fact I saw ;)

He threw at Pholon ; the descending blow, 585

Divides the scull and cleaves his head in two.

The brains from nose, and mouth, and either ear,

Came issuing out, as thro' a colander,

The curdled milk ; or from the press the whey,

Driv'n down by weights above, is drain'd away.

But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,

Pierc'd thro' the paunch, I tumbld on the plain.

Then Chthonyus, and Teleboas I slew : 593

A fork the former arm'd ; a dart his fellow threw :

The jav'lin wounded me behold the scar. 595

Then was my time to seek the Trojan war ;

Then I was Hector's match in open field ;

But he was then unborn ; at least a child :

Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell

By Periphantas how Pyretus fell ; 600

The centaur by the knight : Nor will I stay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day :
What honour, with a pointless lance he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.

What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight ; 605
Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopsus, not alone divin'd,
Whose valour equall'd his foreseeing mind.

CÆNEUS TRANSFORMED TO AN EAGLE.

Already Cæneus with his conqu'ring hand,
Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their band. 610
Pyrachus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and stronger Stiphelus,
Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.

Laitrens, the bulki'st of the double race, 615
Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace,
In years retaining still his youthful might,
Tho' his black hairs were interspers'd with white,
Betwixt th' embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance; 620
And rode the ring around ; that either host
Might hear him, while he made this empty boast:
And from the strumpet shall we suffer shame,
For Cænis still, not Cæneus is thy name :
And still the native softness of thy kind 625
Prevails ; and leaves the woman in thy mind ;

Remember what thou wert; what price was paid
To change thy sex; and make thee not a maid;
And but a man in shew: Go, card and spin;
And leave the business of the war to men. 630

While thus the boaster exercis'd his pride,
The fatal spear of Cæneus reach'd his side:
Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether beast and upper man:
The monster mad with rage, and stung with smart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart: 636
It struck; but bounded from his harden'd breast,
Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest,
Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come,
Than a small pebble falling on a drum. 640

He next his falchion try'd, in closer fight;
But the keen falchion had no pow'r to bite,
He thrust; the blunted point return'd again:
Since downright blows, he cry'd, and thrusts are vain,
I'll prove his side; in strong embraces held, 645
He prov'd his side; his side the sword repell'd;
His hollow belly echo'd to the stroke,
Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers broke. }

Th' impassive knight stood idle, to deride 650
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked side; }
At length, now monster, in thy turn, he cry'd,
Try thou the strength of Cæneus: At the word
He thrust; and in his shoulder plung'd the sword. }

Then writh'd his hand ; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one. 656

The centaurs saw, enrag'd, th' unhop'd success ;
And rushing on, in crowds together press.

At him, and him alone, their darts they threw :
Repul's'd they from his fated body flew. 660

Amaz'd they stood ; till Monichus began :

O shame, a nation conquer'd by a man !

A woman-man ! yet more a man is he,
Than all our race ; and what he was, are we.

Now, what avail our nerves ? th' united force 665

Of two the strongest creatures, man and horse ;

Nor goddess-born ; nor of Ixion's seed

We seem ; (a lover built for Juno's bed ;)

Master'd by this half man. Whole mountains
throw

With woods at once, and bury him below. 670

This only way remains. Nor need we doubt

To choke the soul within, tho' not to force it out :

Heap weights, instead of wounds. He chanc'd to see

Where southern storms had rooted up a tree ; 674

This, rais'd from earth against the foe he threw ;

Th' example shewn, his fellow brutes pursue.

With forest-loads the warrior they invade ;

Othrys, and Pelion, soon were void of shade ;

And spreading groves were naked mountains made. }

Press'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for breath

And on his shoulders bears the wooden death. 680

To heave th' intolerable weight he tries ;
At length it rose above his mouth and eyes :
Yet still he heaves ; and struggling with despair,
Shakes all aside, and gains a gulp of air : 685
A short relief, which but prolongs his pain ;
He faints by fits ! and then respire again :
At last, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake stirs th' Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death : he suffocated seem'd, 690
To most ; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd,
Who said he saw a yellow bird arise
From out the piles, and cleave the liquid skies :
I saw it too, with golden feathers bright ;
Nor e'er before beheld so strange a sight. 695
Whom Mopsus viewing, as it soar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinions rattling sound,
All hail, he cry'd, thy country's grace and love !
Once first of men below, now first of birds above.
Its author to the story gave belief ; 700
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief :
Asham'd to see a single man, pursu'd
With odds, to sink beneath a multitude,
We push'd the foe , and, forc'd to shameful flight,
Part fell, and part escap'd by favour of the night.

THE FATE OF PERICLYMENOS.

This tale, by Nestor told, did much displease
Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules : 707

For often he had heard his father say,
That he himself was present at the fray ;
And more than shar'd the glories of the day.

Old Chronicle, he said, among the rest, 711
You might have nam'd Alcides at the least :
Is he not worth your praise ? the Pylian prince
Sigh'd ere he spoke ; then made his proud defence.
My former woes in long oblivion drown'd, 715
I would have lost ; but you renew'd the wound :
Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
The cause I have your mighty sire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the sky ;
(Which, Oh, I wish, with truth, I could deny !)
We praise not Hector ; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms ; 'tis hard to praise a foe. 722

He, your great father, levell'd to the ground
Messenia's tow'rs : nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pyles ; that a neighb'ring state, 725
And this my own ; both guiltless of their fate.

To pass the rest, twelve wanting one he slew ;
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
All youths of early promise, had they liv'd ;
By him they perish'd : I alone surviv'd. 730
The rest were easy conquest ; but the fate
Of Periclymenos, is wond'rous to relate,
To him, our common grandsire of the main,
Had given to change his form, and chang'd, resume
again.

try'd at pleasure, ev'ry shape he try'd ; 735
And in all beasts, Alcides still defy'd ;
Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above ;
Chang'd to a bird, that bears the bolt of Jove :
The new-dissembled eagle, now endu'd
With beak, and pounces, Hercules pursu'd, 740
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face ;
Then, safe retir'd, and tow'r'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe ;
But beuding his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood ; 745
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound ; but in the sinew hung
The point, and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain :
His vans no longer could his flight sustain ; 750
For while one gather'd wind, one unsupply'd
Hung drooping down, nor pois'd his other side.
He fell : The shaft that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Prove thro' his neck, aslant ; he spurns the ground,
And the soul issues thro' the weasend's wound. 756
Now brave commander of the Rhodian seas,
What praise is due from me, to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my slain brothers ; but 'tis peace with thee.
Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke :
Then, to full bowls each other they provoke : 762

At length, with weariness, and wine oppress'd,
They rise from table, and withdraw to rest. 764

THE DEATH OF ACHILLES.

The sire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Mean time, laments his son in battle slain,
And vows the victor's death; nor vows in vain. }
For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore;
(Achilles was not ripe for fate, before :) 769
Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus bespoke the god, that guides the year.
Immortal offspring of my brother Jove;
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose hands were join'd with mine, to raise the
wall

Of tott'ring Troy, now nodding to her fall, 773
Dost thou not mourn our pow'r employ'd in vain;
And the defenders of our city slain?
To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie
Unpity'd, dragg'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murd'rer lives; himself by far 780
A greater plague, than all the wasteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost.
O, could I meet him! But I wish too late:
To prove my trident is not in his fate! 785
But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.

Apollo bows to the superior throne :
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then in a cloud involv'd he takes his flight, 790
Where Greeks, and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight ;
And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,
And stain'd his arrows with Plebeian blood:
Phœbus to him alone the god confess'd,
Then to the recreant knight, he thus address'd. 795
Dost not thou blush to send thy shafts in vain,
On a degenerate, and ignoble train?
If fame, or better vengeance be thy care,
There aim : And, with one arrow, end the war.

He said ; and shew'd from far the blazing shield
And sword, which, but Achilles, none could wield ;
And how he mov'd a god, and mow'd the standing
field. 802

The deity himself directs aright
Th' envenom'd shaft ; and wings the fatal flight.

Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name ; 805
And he, the base adult'rer, boasts the fame.

A spectacle to glad the Trojan train ;
And please old Priam, after Hector slain.

If by a female hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his wish had rather been 810
The lance, and double axe of the fair warrior
queen.

And now the terror of the Trojan field,
The grecian honour, ornament, and shield,

High on a pile, th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd,
The god that arm'd him first, consum'd at last. 815
Of all the mighty man, the small remains,
A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives;
And equal to himself, himself survives.

His buckler owns its former lord ; and brings
New cause of strife, betwixt contending kings ; 821
Who worthi'st after him, his sword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.
Ev'n Diomedé sat mute, with down-cast eyes :
Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize : 825
Nor Menelaus presum'd these arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only rose : Laertes' son,
And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon :
The king, who cherish'd each, with equal love, 830
And from himself all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws ;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cause,

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